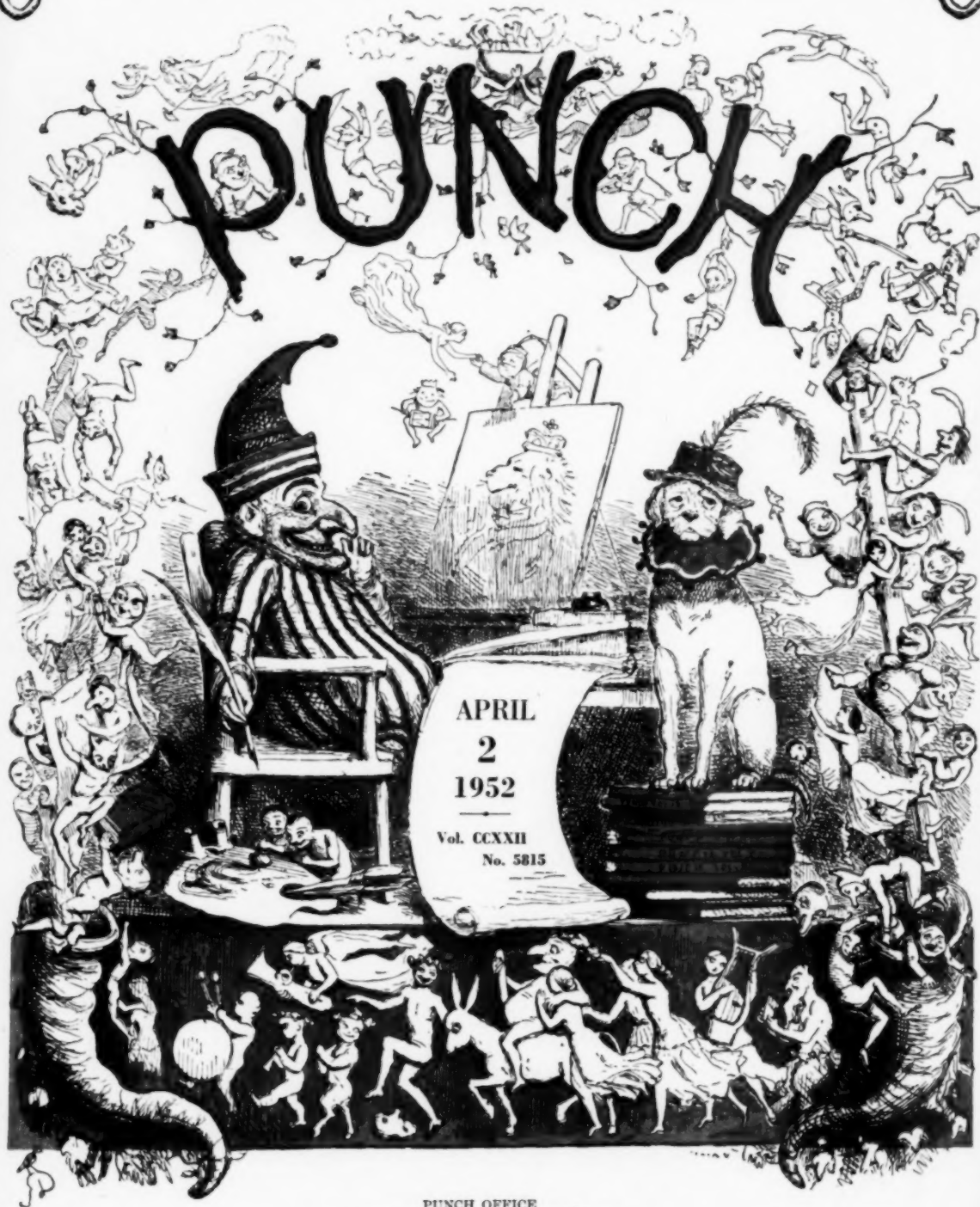


6^d

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2 1952

6^d

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Styles
and Prices

"City-rustics"

by George Webb

SHOE OF THE MONTH—FOR APRIL

"City-Rustics" conform with perfection to the latest dicta in dress for town or country wear. Ask to see them with either crepe-rubber or leather soles. Prices from 59/9d. Style shown 79/9d.



Available in
"MENTONE" & "SAVILE ROW" RANGES

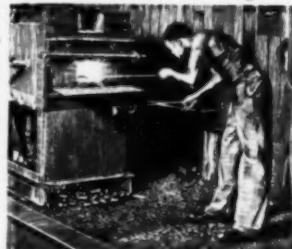
See them displayed on this stand in your local shop or write George Webb, Northampton, for nearest stockists.



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CALL A SPADE what you will, it is symbolically the fundamental implement for every enterprise. Sound spade work means the task is well begun; it shows in the smooth running of the job and the swift completion according to plan.

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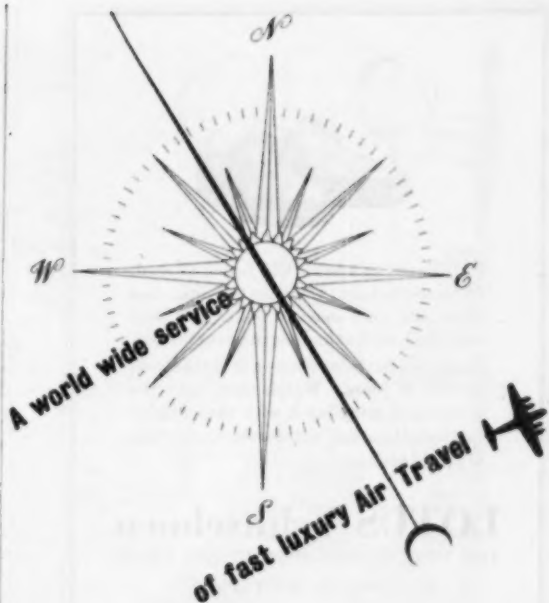
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Old wood to burn. Old wine to drink. And
let us add—old shoes to wear. But they
must be shoes that had it in them to grow old.
Lotus Veldtschoen shoes will be the pos-
session of years. Watch them take the
polish and, mingling it with the stains of
earth and weather, acquire the complexion
of an old violin.

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remarked Dr. Bentley

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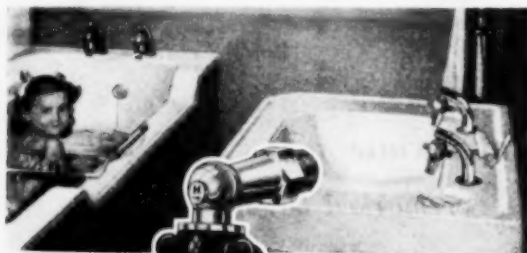


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- ★ A model for every domestic purpose—fully guaranteed.

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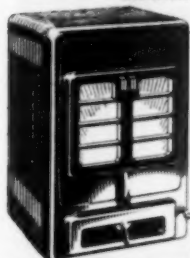
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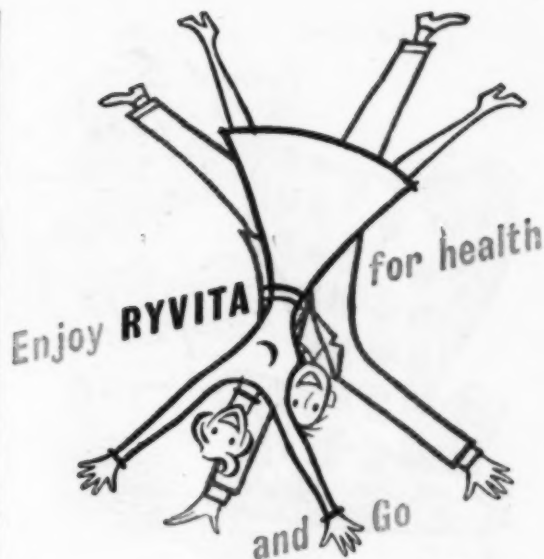
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in every size and
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I've worn them



ever since



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*And I expect
I always will*



**FOR MEN,
YOUNG MEN
AND YOUNGER MEN STILL**

are as healthy, as well made, and even better looking than the Clarks Sandals you wore as a child (if you didn't, put your foot down now).

Width fittings, selected by footgauge measurement for length, breadth and girth. Close fit at heel and instep.

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"Commonsense Eating for Rheumatic Sufferers"

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Here is a book, written by an expert, telling you in simple language, the foods to eat that will actually help to relieve your Rheumatism. No strenuous dieting is recommended, but just commonsense eating. Thousands have benefited by reading this book which should be in the hands of everyone suffering from Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago or Gout. It will be sent to you post free for the modest sum of 6d. Send NOW 6d in stamps and begin a new era of health.

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3. Advice about Bread and Sugar.
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5. The proper use of Milk.
6. Celery important for Rheumatism — amazing benefits effected.
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PROOF. Mrs. M. Taylor, Havelock Street, Preston, Lancs., writes:—"I must tell you how completely different I feel after taking your wonderful Sanatogen. During the past two or three years my nerves had gradually got into a shocking state... but now I feel a new woman."



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THE PROTEIN NERVE TONIC

Endorsed by 25,000 doctors
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Tests on a group of workers showed they had only 5% energy left after a day's work. After only a fortnight on daily Sanatogen a hard day's work left them with 66% of their energy unused.



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"Want to know a quick way in, lady?"

THERE'S A QUICK WAY ROUND most problems if you've got the 'know-how'. Take the problem of lost time. Time lost through sickness... or washing hands. Both can be reduced considerably by using a modern paste cleanser instead of old-fashioned soap-and-water methods. Send for a sample of GRE-SOLVENT Paste and ask your worker with the grimeiest job to try it!

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paste
KEEPS YOUR HANDS CLEAN

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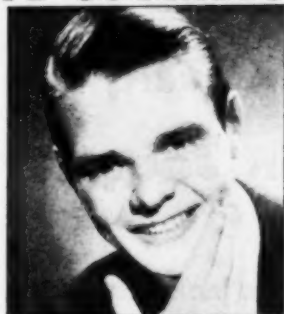
Colgate Shaving Cream is MENTHOLATED FOR EXTRA AFTER-SHAVE COOLNESS

AT LAST! Gone is pain, dryness and stinging razor-rash. Why?—because Colgate Lather Shaving Cream is mentholated for refreshing after-shave coolness. Moreover, it is scientifically blended to give you a better and more comfortable shave.

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First, Colgate's richer, creamier Lather gets right in and softens the toughest beard—smooths the way for a cleaner, closer shave. Then, right away, its smooth mentholated action begins refreshing your skin—leaving it cooler than ever before. So ask for Colgate mentholated Lather Shaving Cream, today.

You get the smoothest, coolest shave possible—1/3d and 2/3d.



He looks cool - he acts cool - he is cool
He enjoys the after-shave coolness of Colgate Lather... (it's mentholated).



Scientifically blended to give the smoothest, coolest shave yet.

The Professor of Milan^{*}

THE Professor went swimming off Capri and he swam wearing his wrist-watch. It was waterproof—perfectly safe to swim with.

But then—calamity! The strap buckle was loose, and it came undone. Vainly the professor tried to save his watch; sadly he saw it twinkle and disappear into the green depths of the sea. And he returned to shore convinced that his watch was gone for ever.

But back on shore, he remembered the divers. They were working on sunken ships close to where he had been swimming. He asked them to keep an eye open for his watch.

The next time they dived, a week later, they remembered that request, and looked around for the watch. And—yes, they found it, and brought it gingerly to the surface.

And when on dry land they examined it, they gazed at it in stupefaction. For the watch that had lain on the sea bed a whole week was still keeping perfect time.

Incredible? Not at all. The watch was a Rolex Oyster Perpetual. The waterproof Oyster case had protected the movement from salt water and the clinging, insidious sand, and the Rolex Perpetual self-winding mechanism had kept it wound. The Rolex Rotor, the secret of the success of the Perpetual, does not work on the "jerk" principle. A complete semi-circle of metal, rotating on its axis, it turns and spins at the slightest movement. And in this case, it was the gentle motion of the sea that actuated it!

Well, that's what happened to one particular Rolex watch. And the professor got his watch back unharmed. But now, he's careful when he goes swimming. For next time, there may be no divers to find it!

Doesn't apply to you? You're not likely to drop your watch in the Mediterranean? True—but all watches have enemies—dust damp, dirt, perspiration—and the sort of watch that will tell the time at the bottom of the sea will hardly be affected by ordinary hazards. And remember that the Rolex Perpetual isn't self-winding just to save you the trouble of winding it up. A self-winding watch tends to be more accurate than a hand-wound watch because the tension on the mainspring is much more even, much more constant. Yes, a Rolex Perpetual is made to be accurate and stay accurate.

^{*} This is a true story, taken from a letter written by the professor concerned (Professor Cukolo of Milan University) to the Rolex Watch Company. The original letter can be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company, 18 Rue du Marche, Geneva, Switzerland.



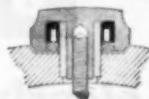
"They found it and brought it gingerly to the surface. And when on dry land they held it in their hands they gazed at it with stupefaction."



The Rolex Oyster Perpetual—truly a monarch among watches. The astonishingly accurate movement, perfectly protected by the Oyster case, is given added precision by the self-winding mechanism. The tension on the mainspring is much more even and overwinding is impossible.



This new, slim, hand-finished case has arrived at last—and as from now is gracing all Rolex Oyster Perpetuals.



Another Rolex first—the Phantom Crown: waterproof, even when pulled out for hand-setting! Another proof of Rolex leadership.

FREE COLOUR BROCHURE OF ROLEX WATCHES

For the latest information on Rolex watches recently arrived in this country, write to the Rolex Watch Company, Limited, 1 Green Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.

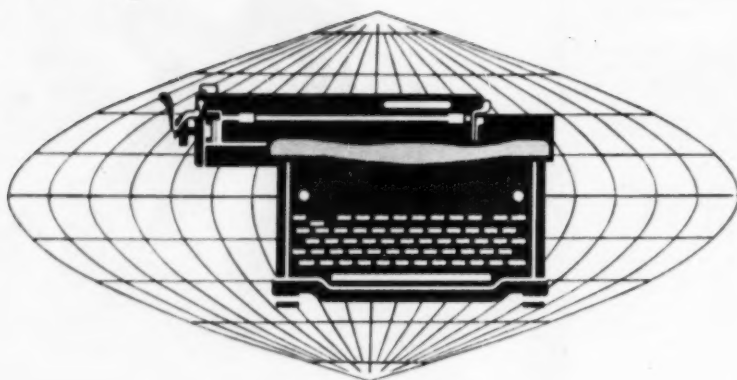


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A landmark in the history of time measurement

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like the weights of a clock, that the only masters are Old masters,
that all the noblest
human skills are fast being forgotten . . .*

*Then you should come
to Berners Street, where bales of
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Italian and Flemish damasks, do honour to

the modern jacquard loom . . .

Where (and only where)

all that are true in the

great living European tradition

are likely to be found,

among walls papered to prosper them,

in surroundings which immediately

set you wondering what you might do about

your own dining-room . . .



You see Fabrics and Wallpapers together at **SANDERSON**
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A Kinetograph photograph

A fine city, NORWICH

In springtime, many a passer-by pauses entranced before the delicate beauty of the flowering cherry trees that fringe the ancient mound on which stands Norwich castle. But the busy road alongside and the glimpse of the tower of the imposing modern City Hall make it obvious that, though lovely, this is no sleepy Cathedral city. For Norwich folk are fortunate folk. Beautiful gardens and fascinating old buildings are theirs in plenty, but so are great commercial enterprises like the Norwich Union Insurance Societies, which for more than 150 springs have offered to the world generous insurance protection to meet the needs of each succeeding generation.



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"Black & White" is achieved
by patient years of maturing
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blending them in the special
"Black & White" way.
Steadily increasing demand for
this fine Scotch is the measure
of its excellence — and its
popularity.



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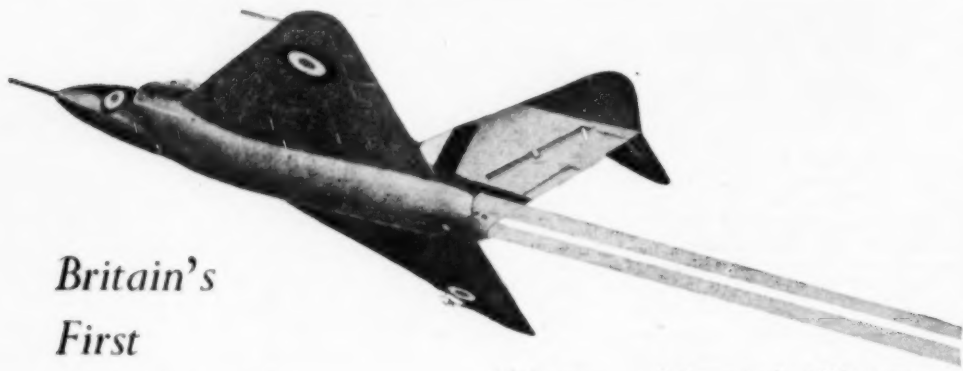
By Appointment
to the late King George VI.



Scotch Whisky Distillers
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

In Defence of the Realm

NUMBER 4 IN A SERIES



Britain's First Operational Delta Fighter

GLOSTER GA.5

It had to come . . . and of course Hawker Siddeley Group is first. Draw the specifications for a long-range, high altitude, all-weather day and night fighter . . . insist that you have the most powerful jet engines ever to power a fighter, twin Sapphires — and you arrive at a Delta. Here's tomorrow's fighter, flying today. Product of Gloster, another "first" for the company which pioneered the way to jet power with the Whittle-engined E.28/39, forerunner of the versatile Meteor. Deltas are the research evolution of A. V. Roe; the Sapphire is the superb power plant of Armstrong Siddeley: now, Gloster with their 12 years of jet experience are the first in the world with a twin-engined Delta fighter.

These are only three of the companies in the Hawker Siddeley Group. Largest of its kind, this great industrial commonwealth now employs all its mighty resources in building the defensive strength of the Free World.

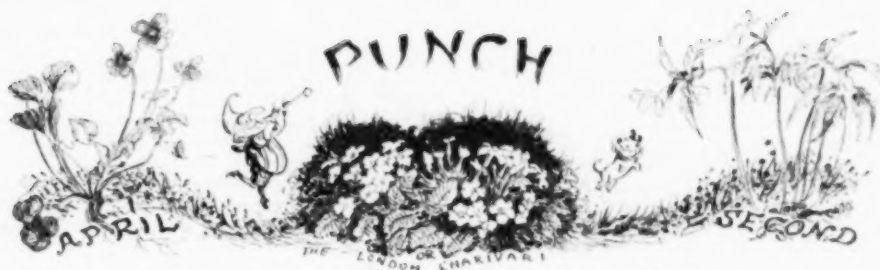


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CHARIVARIA

AN inquiry among M.P.s has shown that fewer than fifty per cent have personally benefited from the health scheme. In particular, there has been a marked reluctance on the part of Mr. Bevan's supporters to have their teeth drawn.

Broad Churchmen

"Among those opposing the licences were clergy representing 18 churches and chapels and three breweries."—*Daily Telegraph*



At the Gas Service Conference in London it was estimated that the British housewife, each year, washes on an average eighteen thousand six hundred and fifteen dirty dishes—equal to an acre of crockery and a mile of glass. In the same year she scrubs more than five miles of floor and launders three miles of clothes. So far no one has had the courage to estimate how many times in a year the British housewife is going to remind her husband of these figures.

P

A musical version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has been staged in America. The producer has really let himself go in the Grand Transformation Scene.

More Devaluation

"Lost, Black Purse with small sum of money, sentimental value." *Adet. in Helensburgh and Gareloch Times*

A man charged with being drunk and disorderly was said to have issued commands in the manner of a drill-sergeant to people queuing at a bus-stop. What particularly upset them were his endless exhortations to "wait for it."



"The game was full of interest but was marked by an unpleasant decision when the referee ordered off O. Edwards early on for falling for the temptation of reciprocating an act not permitted in the rule book." *Welsh paper*

Delicately put, sir.

413

"The object of Mr. Jenkins' visit had nothing to do with bugs. He was attending a week-end house-party organized to keep pure science students in touch with world affairs."—*Advertisers Weekly*

He could have begun with the bees.

Under a recent Customs and Excise ruling, false moustaches made up of bundles of hair roughly twisted into shape and designed to be clipped to the nose are liable to purchase tax of thirty-three and a third per cent, while false moustaches of which each hair is separately waved or shaped are tax-free. With Mr. Butler at the Treasury there is little hope that either variety will be obtainable under the National Health scheme.

"Lisbon. Thursday.—Britain imported 898,355 litres of port wine from Portugal during December and a total of 10,319,569 litres during 1951, which is 11,361,982 litres more than in 1950."

Wolverhampton Express and Star
Perhaps 1950 was a bad year.



BOUGLAS



"Surely that can't be the time!"

THE BIT

I didn't take me a moment to see what the trouble was. It was one of those quick, incisive inspections they photograph during the Monte Carlo Rally. It was a pity there was no one with me.

The bit had dropped out. I had picked it up off the floor of the garage and wedged it in myself. It had done well. All I needed was another like it. I don't know what it had been originally, but it was the first bit I picked up, and there were dozens like it at home. I was puzzled not to find one in the pocket of the car. There was any amount of stuff there, and it was a perfectly ordinary bit. It was only

when I wedged in a piece of wood from the hedge and it broke that I felt the first creeping of uneasiness.

I tried the first house in the row. She upset me from the start by opening the door a crack and peering at me round it as if I was a welfare worker. I said "I'm awfully sorry to bother you. Could you possibly let me have a bit of metal this size?"

I held the forefinger and thumb of each hand half an inch apart, put the hands together and then moved them apart six inches. She came slowly round the door. One eye wept weakly down her cheek. She said "A bit of metal? What for?"

"For the car," I said. "It's just—"

She sniffed dreadfully towards her weeping eye. She said "Oh, a car." I knew she was the victim of an ancient wrong for which I was more or less directly responsible. "We don't have a car here," she said.

I said "No, but just—". My hands were not more than three inches apart when the door shut.

I heard voices at the back as I approached the second door, and when I knocked there was a scuffling in the hall and the throaty growling of a collared dog. The natives were unfriendly.

Number 3 was insulated from Number 2 by a few feet of concrete passage and about four social strata. She was wearing carpet slippers and woolies, and her hair, when brushed for the afternoon, would come out in a mass of little sandy curls. Somewhere at the back a wireless throbbed timelessly.

I said "I'm sorry to bother you, but could you possibly let me have a bit of metal about this size?" My hands met and parted three times before I had reached the end of the sentence, which she heard with visible relief. She said "Oh, yes. Did you try Number 2?"

I said "Well yes. I couldn't make anyone hear. Except the dog." I added, trying a long shot. It went home. She tossed her head fuzzily. She said "Oh, the dog. I dare say. What was it you wanted, ducks?"

I explained. Her hands came up as if under hypnosis, and we did the last three lengths in perfect unison. Then she dropped them and said "Well I don't know, I'm sure." The wireless spoke throatily in the kitchen, and the far-away music burst out again in a fiercer rhythm. She slip-slopped down the passage humming, and I waited.

The child's head on the top stair said "I'm not dressed." "No," I said. It said "My dolly's not dressed." I said "No, she's not, is she?"

The mother came back along the passage and said "Go back to bed, Cynthia. I don't know, I'm sure. Is there anything here would

do?" She produced a cigarette tin full of screws and hair-curlers. I made a gesture of consideration and said "Well, no, I don't think there is really. Don't worry. I'm so sorry to have bothered you."

Number 4 was deserted. There wasn't even a dog, but there was a likely-looking shed at the side. I glanced round. Cynthia's head had transferred itself to the top front window of Number 3, but there was no one else in sight.

My instinct was all but right. I do not know who occupied Number 4, but I think we should have got on well together. We had much in common.

I sorted out two possibles, and was considering them on my knees when the door of Number 5 opened and his head came over the fence. I sat back on my heels and showed him what I wanted. He bobbed back in some alarm. As he came up for the second time I found my voice. "A bit of metal," I said. I showed him again.

He said "Where's Ted?"

"Ted?" I said. We stared at each other. I noticed my hands and dropped them. "Oh, Ted," I said. "I don't think he's in."

"No," he said. "No, he wouldn't be."

I rose to my feet, leaving the two possibles on the ground. I could see now that they were no good. I shut up the shed with deliberate care and walked to the gate. Only his eyes followed me. I said "Never mind, it was only just—" My hands dropped as he shut the door.

The gate of Number 6 was half open when the motor-cycle scout came round the corner. He had a richly weathered face and drove his combination slowly with the conscious majesty of his kind. He swung his leg over, walked to the car and leant inside the bonnet, all in benevolent slow motion. I said nothing.

At last he straightened his back and smiled at me. "I tell you what you want," he said. He half raised his hands, hesitated a fraction of a second and then, with the same deliberate authority, pulled off his gauntlet gloves.

P. M. HUBBARD

SWAN SONG

MY first request comes from Corporal Jack Tusker, "Ed," "Bert," "Ray," and the boys of one double four eight Anti-Tank Regiment, B.A.O.R. eighty-six: Signalmen Crankshaw, Postill, Harrison and Grasset, of seven four six Signal Regiment, Dortmund: Air Vice-Marshal "Rod" Steele-Gadgett, Group Captain "Lofty" Batts, Leading Aircraftman J. V. St. M. Brown, and the Cookhouse Boys of seven two three five Vehicle Park, Hamburg: Leading Stoker

"Coal" Porter, Admiral "Buster" Graveston-Keene-Wilkinridge, Boy Stan Hollis, "Art," "Phil," "Cyril," and the Boys of three nine six Searchlight Battery, Kantara: Brigadier General "Larry" Wellborne-Truskett (Retired): the Orderly Boys of two eight three nine General Hospital, Kuala Lumpur: the entire Town Council and the Boys of Edgehampton, Westshire: Leading Fireman "Dopey" Jones and the Boys of the East Grimthorpe Fire Station . . .

And now, boys—with all my love—your request item: "If You were the Only Girl in the World . . ."

Announcement No. 6

THE ZEBRA CLUB



Secretary's Notes and News of Old Zebrans

1. Membership of the Club now exceeds 11,000,000. A census carried out in the Old Kent Road shows that many motor-cyclists are now sticking the Club Sign on the backs of their pillion passengers. Well done, motor-cyclists!
2. Will Members please note that the Club salute, the raising of both clenched fists above the head, should only be used when run into by a fellow-member from behind. It should not be used while driving.
3. The Grand Moot in Piccadilly Circus, tentatively arranged for April 15, has been postponed at the request of the police. In its place, Finchley Zebrans hope to hold a Rally on Easter Monday. Route: Finchley Road, Baker Street, Marble Arch, Hyde Park Corner, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue—followed by braking tests and a *Concours d'Élégance* on the Embankment. Check-points at all pedestrian crossings. The day will end with a pilgrimage to the Zoo to pay homage to Grévy's zebra.

Answers to Correspondents

Congratulations to Zebra No. 40871 on his approaching marriage to a fellow Zebra. By all means try to found a Finnish branch while you are over there on your honeymoon, No. 40871.

T. K., *Ealing*. No. No exceptions can be made. If you continue to use the short "e" you will be publicly deprived of your stripes.



Art-lovers feasting their eyes on the works of a great master (an everyday scene at the Leonardo Exhibition, Burlington House)

THE WHITE HOUSE MYSTERY

THE American election campaign is of course no concern of mine—let me make that quite clear at the outset. The people of the United States of America do not need me to tell them how to vote, and while sulphur and steel (to say nothing of molybdenum) are such touchy subjects I shall go out of my way to avoid any inflammation of party political passions.

My object is quite simple: I wish to demonstrate our abysmal ignorance of American electoral procedure, in the hope that anything we British may say between now and November will be attributed—on the other side of the Atlantic—to our crass stupidity and not to our traditional perfidiousness.

I propose, then, to write down everything that I, an average Englishman, know about this immensely important subject, and when I get to the end I hope I shall have the decency to blush. Very well then . . .

1. Presidential elections take place every four years (like the Olympic Games) and everything that America does and says in an election year is coloured to some extent by the struggle. It follows that the year immediately preceding an election year is known as a pre-election year and that what America says and does during those twelve months reflects in some way the imminence of the conflict. It also follows that the year before a pre-election year is a Congressional election year (Americans vote for a new House of Representatives and a bit of the Senate every two years); and since a Congressional election can be considered a pre-view of a Presidential election it follows that what America does and says in a Congressional election year is conditioned in some degree by domestic politics. It follows from this that the year before a Congressional election (or the year after a Presidential election—same thing) is yet another year in which American utterances and actions cannot properly be understood by Europeans who are unfamiliar with the political machinery and climate of the United States.

All this may explain why every article on America appearing in British papers begins with the sentence "This is election year (or pre-election year, or Congressional election year, or pre-Congressional election year) in America and it is no easy matter at this distance to winnow the chaff of party manoeuvre from the grain of responsible statesmanship . . ."

2. The two chief parties in American politics are the Republicans and the Democrats. The Republicans are nothing like our Conservatives, but are perhaps just a shade more Conservative than the Democrats. The Republicans are nothing like our Liberals and Socialists. They have been out of office for a long time. They used to be isolationists. Their big guns are Senator Taft and General Eisenhower.

The Democrats are nothing like our Socialists, Liberals or Conservatives, but are not vastly different

from the Republicans. They have been in office for a long time. They had Roosevelt and have Truman.

Republican Congressmen are usually bald and portly and Democrats tend to be white-haired and fleshy, but it is always possible that the controls of my television set need adjusting. Now that the Republicans have dropped their isolationism it is very difficult for average Englishmen to distinguish between the two parties, and in the circumstances it is only natural, I suppose, that we should favour the candidate who wins the open allegiance of our favourite American film-stars, crooners and prize-fighters. This year, for example, I shall be watching for a sign from Frankie Sinatra.

3. American elections are nothing like ours. In Britain a simple majority of votes is enough to put a man in office; over there victory goes to the man who commands the support of two-thirds (say) of five-eighths (say) of the electoral colleges in three-quarters (say) of the forty-eight (say) states. Something like that. It is all so mathematical and so very complicated—especially for a young country—but is said to have obvious advantages.

4. American elections are preceded by interminable conversations called primaries and conventions, and these are heavily reported in the British Press, usually under some such heading as "All Eyes on Wisconsin" or "Chicago Prospects." Nobody understands them.

5. As the campaign develops the chief candidates tour the country in special trains which have a sort of veranda where the guard's van ought to be. From this veranda the candidates serenade the populace at claphoard shanty settlements known as whistle-halts.

It is all very exciting—so exciting that we look up the details of American electoral procedure in our encyclopaedia and rediscover that they are too much for us.

Then the pollsters tell us which man will win, or—in certain circumstances—lose; and almost immediately, or so it seems, we are reading that "in this pre-Congressional election year it is very difficult to winnow the chaff of party manoeuvre from the grain of responsible statesmanship . . ."

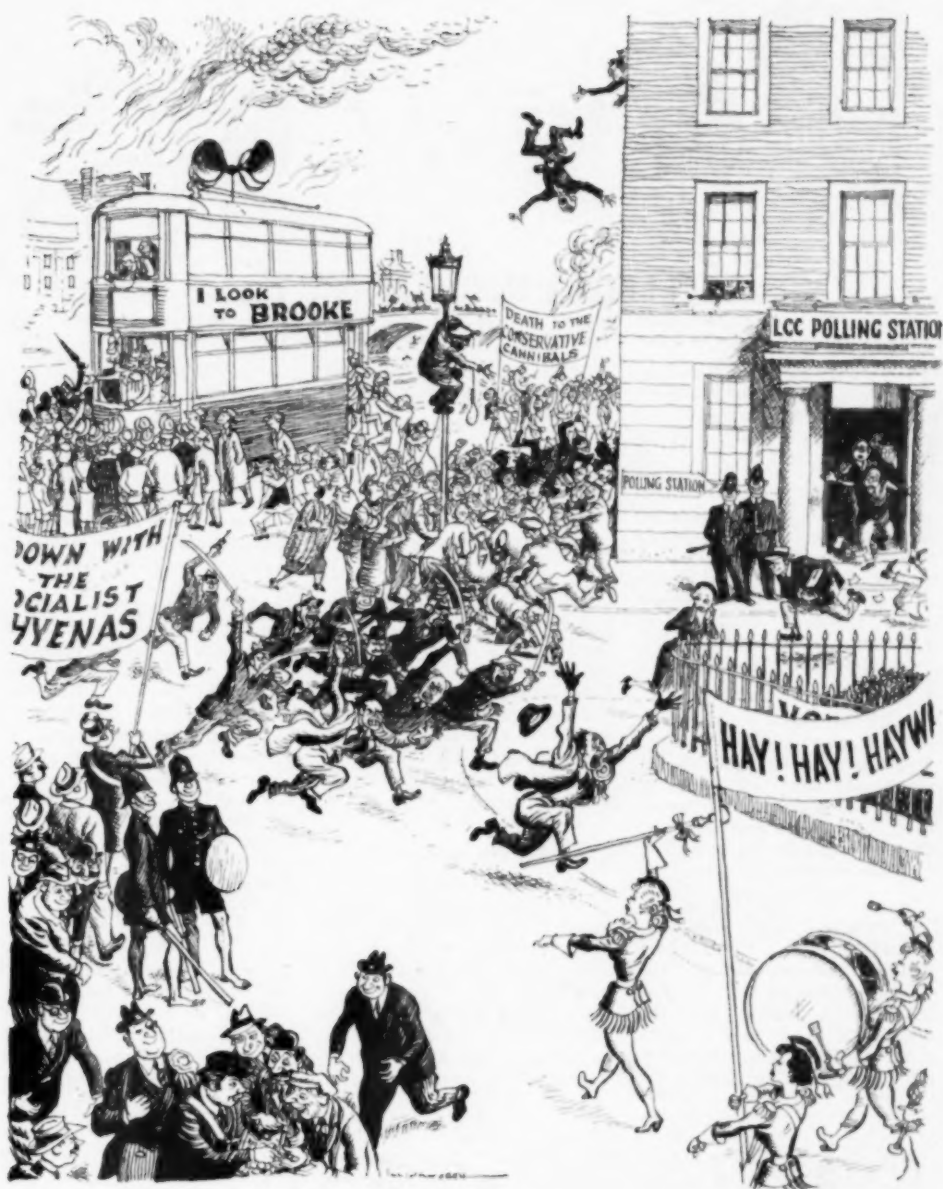
That is all—all that the average Englishman knows about this great quadrennial event. And what is even more disconcerting is the sudden thought that I may, possibly, be slightly more or less than average.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

6 6

"One of the biggest headaches caused to the authorities responsible for creating this outsize mushroom suburbia has been presented by the problem of schooling. Plans were based for providing school accommodation on an average figure of 75 children per household, but, as sometimes happens in this regard, calculations were awry."—*The Scotsman*

With all that margin of safety!



GO TO IT, LONDON!



How to Scour London for a Taxi Without Leaving Your Armchair

THE principal methods of finding a cab can readily be classified, for want of anything better to do, under adjectives beginning with D. For example, you have:

The Declamatory

Much used by young men in duffle-coats seeing home young female film-extras after parties in Chelsea. It runs: "Taxi! Taxi! Dash it, that one's taken. Taxi! Funny, there are usually—Taxi! TAXI!"

Contrasted with this is:

The Dilatory

"Oh no, please don't bother, one will come along in a minute. Yes, it's quite all right, there's always one along here sooner or later. No, please don't bother to wait. I'm sure you must be frozen. There's bound to be one soon."

A near relation of that is:

The Drifting

"Perhaps if we just walk along here a little way . . . Yes, I know I said we'd find one here, dear, but it's not my fault, is it? . . . Yes, I know we've walked miles, but honestly, if we just went as far as . . ." This class often finds that it has walked home by mistake.

Business men use the simple but unfair approach called:

The Delegated

"Miss Smith, we want a taxi outside in two minutes to take us to the Savoy."

Business men's wives, on the other hand, are more inclined to:

The Diminutive

"It's no trouble, darlings. I'll just ring up the rank, it's only at the end of the street . . . Well, there isn't one there, actually, but there's another rank by the station . . . I'm afraid there isn't one there either. There is another rank about a mile along the High Street . . . Really, this is absurd. Pass me the directory, darling."

One cannot omit:

The Doggone-Limcy

"O.K., pal, I'll fix it."

All these methods, however, except possibly the last, the use of which is not open to all of us, are sadly fallible. Yet one remains, a method (as will be shown) about two hundred and fifty times as efficient as any of the above. The name that springs to—where is my *Thesaurus*?—springs to mind is:

The Disseminated.

You lift up your telephone . . . All right, you go to the nearest call-box . . . Very well, you borrow three pennies from a policeman . . . and dial a number of which you have a careful note in your diary. You give your name, address, telephone-number. In a minute or so a cab arrives. It does. It always does.

What has happened is that, as soon as you have given your instructions, a wireless broadcast has gone out on a private network for taxis in your area. There are about two hundred and fifty wireless-equipped taxis in London (remember that figure!) and it is long odds one will be somewhere near you.

Track in to close-up. The girl that took your call is one of four sitting at a long table. Down the middle of this rolls an endless band debouching into an inner compartment fenced off with glass. The girl records your particulars as you speak. Name. Address. Telephone-number, in case the driver can't find you for any reason. "When required," if not forthwith; followed by any special instructions—pick up a parcel on the way, or ring the top bell when you get there. By



the time you have hung up, your order is already gliding off along the endless band.

In the glass cabin two young men with wireless sets farm out the orders to the cabs on the road. Each young man has his own frequency, with half the taxis on it; and anyone with sad memories of half-trained signallers on Service sets may well imagine the resulting shambles in the air when a hundred and twenty cabbies are let loose on the same wavelength.

Actually it doesn't work out like that. The drivers, each with a

A taxi at Charing Cross. Oboe nine four.

Office. Oboe nine four, call for Mr. Klopstock, five hundred Belgrave Square. Required immediately, no special instructions.

Q 94. O.K., guv. Ta.

An "open call" brings in all taxis within "a reasonable distance" of the indicated area, within, that is, about a mile. It is almost certain that there will be an unhired taxi in that radius, and five minutes is a generous allowance for a mile's drive. In outer London, of course, delays may be longer; if they look like being extensive, the office will ring back and say so.

Some of the conversation on the



to be remembered when be-aerialled taxis, apparently disengaged, ignore the signals of the casual client.)

America was the pioneer in radio-taxis; in London the service began about nine months ago. The voices of the "home" operators go by landline to transmitters in Hampstead and Highgate; the specially-designed sets in the taxis, costing each about a hundred and seventy-five pounds, can hear them up to about thirty miles away, and in freak conditions much more.

The radio link is extra to the normal working of the taxi; the little aerial sprouting like a fairy's wand from above the windscreen need prevent no one from hailing



call-sign of a letter and two figures, speak usually only when called; and though in theory a general call might result in a hundred drivers answering at once, in practice there are other factors that keep the numbers down. Here is all the conversation it takes to bring you a taxi to Belgrave Square, assuming the worst possible case to show how it works, and leaving out the "overs" and things:

Office. First call. Belgrave Square.

There is no radio taxi within a hundred yards of the square, so no one answers. Almost at once—

Office. Second call. Belgrave Square.

No taxi within half a mile, so no reply again.

Office. Open call. Belgrave Square.

air sounds a little raffish by Service standards:

Office. Queen six nine, what is your present position, please?

Q 69. Well, I'm right ahtside Shepherd's Bush Empire.

Office. Call for Mr. Norval, 6 Grampian Hill, immediately.

Q 69. O.K., ta, I'll pop down and pick him up then.

And off goes Q 69 to collect Mr. Norval, who is one of those odd but not uncommon individuals who always likes the same cab even if it costs him a bit more. (This kind of customer is charged, reasonably enough, for the distance the taxi goes to meet him, if it's a considerable way. But for a normal call the charge only begins a hundred yards from the rendezvous—a point



the taxi in the accustomed way. Radio experts could no doubt construct small VHF sets and call their cabs direct without going through the office; but even with telephone-calls at threepence a go the expense would hardly be worth while.

What a radio-cabby does when an ordinary cabby hangs his glove over his flag is a mystery. Probably he switches over to the Third Programme.

B. A. YOUNG

NIGHTINGALIA

IT was in the lane that leads towards Highgate by the side of Lord Mansfield's Park—now Kenwood—that the meeting occurred. The day was Sunday. The year was 1819 in the early spring. The sage was introduced to his young admirer by Joseph Henry Green, afterwards Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Academy. So much is certain. It was the first and only occasion on which the poet Coleridge met the poet Keats.

The accounts of the incident do not tally. Keats, writing to his brother George, who was in Kentucky, says that they walked in company for about two miles and (like the Walrus and the Carpenter) spoke of many things. Of Poetry, of Poetical Sensations, of Metaphysics, of Dreams of Nightmare, of Monsters, and of Mermaids, in which, it seems, Southey believed. But first and foremost of Nightingales.

The point is important because it was in this year, in the month of May, that Keats wrote his immortal Ode at Wentworth Place.

Coleridge, in his table talk, taken down thirteen years later, thus describes the scene.

"A loose, slack, not well-dressed youth met Mr. Green and myself in a lane near Highgate. Green knew him and spoke. It was Keats. He was introduced to me, and stayed a minute or so. After he had left us a little way, he came back and said 'Let me carry away the memory, Coleridge, of having pressed your hand!' 'There is death in that hand,' I said to Green when Keats had gone . . ."



"No thanks, I'm driving."



" . . . and anyway it's thanks to the last Government but one that we got the Government to which you say it's thanks that we got this one."

Insatiable curiosity, coupled with a doubt whether Coleridge, after so many years of laudanum, lecturing, philosophy and poetry, was likely to remember anything that he had said to anybody, impels me to prefer the story told by Keats. Insatiable curiosity leads me also to consider what Coleridge was likely to have said on the subject of nightingales.

There are two possible clues. In 1795, after a somewhat stilted preamble, he cautioned the nightingale severely that all her "swift diversities of tone"

*Are not so sweet as is the voice of her,
My Sara—best beloved of human kind!
When, breathing the pure soul of tenderness,
She thrills me with the Husband's promised name!*

The marks of interjection are his, not mine. He married Miss Fricker on the 4th of October in this year at the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe in Bristol. The marriage cannot be called a happy one, and I do not suppose that any mention of it occurred in the lane leading to Highgate in 1819.

The second clue is more interesting. It is to be found in "The Nightingale: a Conversation Poem," written in April 1798. There are no remarks by the nightingale. But the poet, after many lines dealing with the music of the bird, comes to the main point, which is his desire to make his young son familiar with the joyfulness of night.

*My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate. He knows well*

*The evening star; and once, when he awoke
In most distressful mood (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream)
I hurried with him to our orchard plot,
And he beheld the moon . . .*

This strange procedure seems to have cured little Hartley immediately of wind. And it is in this poem that Coleridge registers his own individual view of the nightingale's song, so different from that of the ancient world. He insists with some firmness on the jollity of the performance.

*'Tis the merry nightingale
That crowds and hurries and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes . . .*

Let us observe that the nightingale of Keats, though not riotously gay, was at least a happy singer.

Happy itself, able to confer happiness for a moment on the lovelorn listener and even on Ruth, before she found happiness elsewhere. No dark nocturnal secret, no eternal pain. Not heartbroken, not a sorrowing, not a "melancholy bird."

May I not then believe that if the memory of Coleridge had been clearer he would have said "I remember that I gave the young man a certain amount of instruction on the essential hilarity of the nightingale, a lesson which he afterwards used to the best of his ability in some verses of his own"?

If the budding Professor of Anatomy made any contribution to the debate it was probably to point out the curious internal mechanism which enables birds to sing. But I do not think that he was allowed to interfere.

EVOE

FROM THE CHINESE

Consolation

"I OBSERVE sadly,"
Said the scribe Ching Fo,
"That feeble persons
Of narrow understanding
Complain of the chance
That they were begotten
In the present century
And not in some other.
'We are,' they say,
'Exceptionally deserving.
What have we done
To merit existence
In the present time
Of trouble and tumult,
Of rapacious Rulers
And barbarous taxes?
Nothing is certain,

We toil without hope,
And no gold pieces
Are buried in the garden.
We are exhausted by wars
For which we were unready,
Or by preparation
For wars which do not come.
The fathers, the mothers,
Gaze upon the first-born
Doubtfully, wondering
If they have done well.'

All this complaining,"
Said the scribe Ching Fo,
"Is unworthy, vain,
And can be swiftly answered.
It has been calculated

By men learned in numbers
That in this region
Of the earth's surface
(None of which is deserving
Of continual contentment)
The periods of trouble,
Of tumult and tribulation,
Endure, as a rule,
For eighty years.
Then, for ten years,
There is a time of tranquillity.
The present season
Of tumult and trouble
Has endured, say the wise men,
For fifty years only,
And now there are only
Thirty years to come."

A. P. H.





"Young man! Are you an expert at untying knots?"

CASTAWAY

MONDAY, 17th. Really rather extraordinary. One week I am in that wireless programme, the next I find myself actually on a desert island, carried there on a gigantic packing-case which turns out to contain a gramophone and an inexhaustible supply of needles! It is all the more extraordinary because in my brief-case—the only luggage I could save from the ship—I find not the MS of my novel (presumably left in St. John's Wood) but those six records! Surely the hand of Providence. Also packing-case would make good table, upside-down, though that will mean finding somewhere for the needles, which are loose like shavings.

But shall not worry about tables yet. As I told the B.B.C., am not one of world's beavers. Island v. satisfactory, stream, bananas, coconuts, etc., storm gone, hot sunshine, shirt and trousers dry already, shoes getting on. A veritable earthly paradise. Now for my first concert!

Tuesday, 18th. Have borrowed one of the records for a plate—Greensleeves, which I see I was wrong in telling the B.B.C. I should never tire of. Can put it back later. Seemed a pity to have such a nice cup—half a coconut, a really professional job—and no plate. What a man is Beethoven! Every turn of phrase is entirely characteristic.

Friday, 21st. Another thing, I should have thought more about the other sides of these records. Have not even now mastered an elemental terror of "Trees," while "I Tawt I Taw" has gripped me to an alarming degree. It is funny how the winding action has never left one, as it were. Every time I expect the spring to break, though I am sure I do not wish it to happen. Must give up winding it ready for the next record, because the vicious circle thus created is whole cause of trouble. Have it on table in hut, by the way, with coconut bowl for used needles, and have made vow to change needle for each playing and start a Used Heap with party when two heaps equal, say in 1982.

Must not let self go. Look on bright side. Banana-leaf roof a great success, and have found a way of tying branches together almost as good as nailing. (If had been *steel* needles!) Am now making simple chair, if you can call any chair simple.

Saturday, 22nd. Last handle!! Had small party, hot coconut milk and fried bananas, both ruined by presence of sand and needles. A sharp breeze has sprung up—something I did not foresee. Slept in table.

Tuesday, 25th. Found handle. A few days work wonders. Am on the original records and enjoying them as never before. The nostalgia ones, of which

long realized have too many, now remind me unbearably of my early days here. But my great news is that instead of going on trying to bore a hole in the blunt ends of the needles I have found by slitting them one can thread the grass through and accomplish several stitches before the thread or the needle breaks. Am sewing banana-leaves together like one possessed and hope soon to have the hut windproof. Weather persists and the needles have scattered over a remarkably wide area. My coconut-fibre shoes are standing the test well.

Saturday, 29th. Amazing the amount of reading to a gramophone record label—anagrams, competitions as to which record produces the most "o"s and so on. I have a little more leisure now that I do not bother with breaking up tiny twigs for kindling-wood. The needles, which are getting rather difficult to find in any quantity, produce a cheery blaze in an instant. More than anything I should like to find some good clay, as I have an idea that the turntable at maximum speed might make a potter's wheel. Got the idea from when I melted "Trees" down to make that very successful little jug.

Monday, 31st. Having decided to melt down the remaining 10-inch records for a statuette, had just steamed the labels off when remembered had forgotten a line of "I Tawt I Taw," and in playing both sides of both to get to it was assailed by terrible doubts. Is this beginning of end? Shall I not very shortly be renouncing my last links with culture, my last chance to hear any music again ever? Answered without

hesitation yes, and seizing handle threw it out of sight, wrenched off the turntable and flung that in opposite direction, and to clinch matters hurled all the records to the ground and jumped on them.

Now I can get at the works of the gramophone. I was going to anyway, but not perhaps quite so soon.

Tuesday, 1st. Decided on a mixer which will make possible a host of new dishes, e.g. coconut-and-banana whip, but first have taken works to pieces so as to get the hang of them. A happy day. Had never before fully appreciated the bird-song in this delightful sun-drenched island.

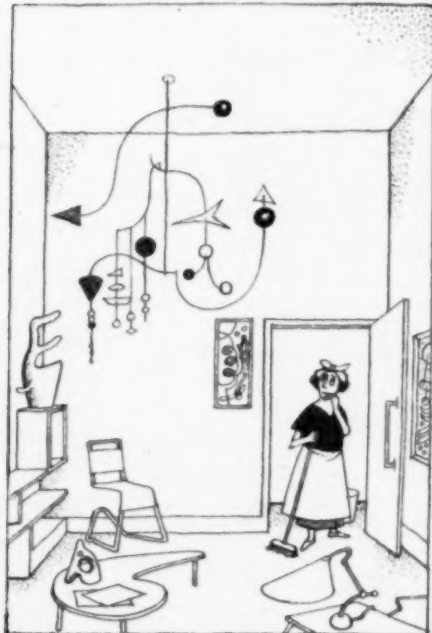
Wednesday, 2nd. Rescued. Typical. Before go must write note for any future castaway who might be interested in assembling gramophones, and in any case should warn him about the needles. ASIDE

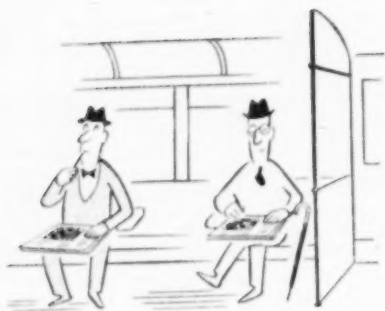
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AND THEN THE LOVER

MY darling has written the very last word
On the subject of quasi-enclitics;
Her wireless is constantly tuned to the Third,
Except for an hour with The Critics.

So, sighing like furnace, I sit like a dumb thing,
And wrinkles plough furrows in my brow,
As I woefully work at a ballad, or something,
In praise of my mistress's high brow.





DAVID
LINDSAY

INTERVIEWS WITH THE ANONYMOUS

VI. Burnt Offering

"PROPER la-di-da, 'e was," said the woman, throwing a slab of peat on the fire. "A real thane. I was glad my husband wasn't 'ome. 'E don't hold with thanes, Gurth don't. 'I'm a serf,' 'e says, 'and I'm not ashamed of it. Class is class,' 'e says, 'and always will be.'"

"Perhaps," we said, shifting uneasily on the log which was our seat, "you would tell us exactly what happened?"

"Well," said the woman, "I'd done me bit of washing, and got me bannocks on the griddle to bake, and I was outside cleaning Gurth's best brass collar, the one he wears when he goes to the manor to do boon-work, when this young feller comes along. 'Good day, my good woman,' 'e says, and stops. 'Good day, young man,' I says, 'and what might you be wanting?' 'I'm from the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*,' 'e says, 'and I'm doing a poll.' 'Oh, you are, are you?' I says. I was glad Gurth wasn't at home. 'E don't hold with polls. Perversion of the democratic method,' 'e calls 'em. 'Oh, a poll,' I says, 'and what about, this time? I know your polls,' I

says. 'Last time it was "Shall we pay Danegeld?" and all you found out was the nearer folks lived to the Danes the more they thought we ought to pay up.' 'Oh, this time,' says the young chap, 'it's about Alfred.' 'Oh—'im,' I says. Gurth don't think anything of this Alfred, y' know. 'Tool of the thanes, Gurth says 'e is. 'Do you approve of Alfred as king?' asks the young chap.

"Well, I didn't like to say no, and I didn't like to say yes, and it looks silly to say you don't know, so I said I'd have to think it over. 'All right,' says the young chap, 'p'raps I could sit down for a bit while you're thinking,' and down 'e sits, right where you're sitting now. 'Tell you what I'll do,' I says, 'I'll go and ask me old man, then you'll 'ave two of us for the poll,' I says. 'Now just you sit there, and make yourself at 'ome, and when them bannocks starts to brown, just turn 'em over, and if I'm not back before they're done, take 'em off for me, there's a duck, and put 'em in this 'ole in the wall.' 'All right,' 'e says, and off I goes to find Gurth."

"And did you find 'im?" we asked.

"Yes, and 'e wasn't half wild when I asked 'im," she said. 'It's a sop to the masses,' 'e says, 'What difference will it make if you say yes or no? If it ain't Alfred it'll be Egbert, and if it ain't Egbert it'll be Edmund Woodenhead. You go back and say you don't know. And, mother—will you do something about the rivets in this collar?' 'e says. 'It's fair killing me.' So back I goes, and I could smell burning before I got anywhere near the cottage, and there's me lord, sitting by the fire day-dreaming, and me bannocks as black as cinders.

"Ho," I says, 'you're a nice one, you are,' and I was that mad I up and boxed 'is ears, good and 'ard. Up gets me lord, all dignified. 'Madam,' 'e says, 'you 'ave raised your impious 'and against the king!' 'What?' I says. 'Are you Alfred?' 'I am,' 'e says."

"And what did you say to that?" we asked.

"Well," I says to 'im," said the woman, "'you know whether I approve of you or not now, don't you?"' G. H. M. NICHOLS

DAY IN BED

TODAY is Wednesday. I am positive about that, because Wednesday is our Mother's Day-in-Bed, when one of us comes over to look after the house for her, answer the telephone and the door, cook lunch, and see to the thousand-and-one other little things which fill her very busy days.

Our mother is a very sensible woman, and she decided on the Day-in-Bed about two years ago, because she felt that at her age unless she had one day in seven right off she could not possibly keep going. The very first day she did it she spent writing to all her friends telling them about the Day-in-Bed and how wonderful it was

to be able to slacken right off, and what a difference it made to her *whole life*, and some of them still write occasionally saying how much they envy her having help available so that she can do it. Sometimes, of course, we can't manage it (this is, in fact, the first time for a month), and then she struggles through as best she can without us, but when we can . . . (The telephone. One moment . . .)

That was the telephone. When I lifted the receiver I could hear our mother already answering it from upstairs. She was just telling Mrs. Jenkins of course to send little Gillian over to play in her bedroom while Mrs. Jenkins fetches young Barbara from school. Little Gillian

is three and likes playing volcanoes under the eiderdown, but, as mother says, when she is in bed with nothing in the world to do the dear child is absolutely no trouble.

When she is having her Day-in-Bed our mother makes a list for us of everything that is likely to happen, so that we shall know what to do and not have to disturb her.

To-day I see:—

Baker. One small brown, six doughnuts (for you dear if you don't like them sponge roll).

Milk. Three please (his horse likes dry bread, plenty in tin big drawer).

Cleaners. Bringing back my



REV. GARDNER

black see belt is there please pay money under dusters such a nice man dear ask him how young Freddy is. Measles.

(One moment. That must be the baker.)

It was the baker. I told him one small brown and sponge roll but he said no, the lady had called out of the window as he came in to say not a brown after all, a milk roll, and not doughnuts or sponge, one white iceed. He left the milk roll and one white iceed.

Our mother is very clear too about the cooking. She knows her own stove so well and is such a first-rate cook that she can leave absolutely foolproof instructions, but it is a bit of an ordeal to try to cook for such an expert. To-day, for instance, we are to have roast chicken, bread sauce, bacon, sprouts, potatoes and gravy and chocolate mousse. I haven't the foggiest how to cook any of that, but with mother's instructions I expect I shall manage somehow. Yes, I think I shall. Her instructions are very clear:—

Lunch. Chicken, etc., all cooked dear just heat about one hour all in larder Pud in Fridge small helping for me please.

Well, at least she will have it in bed! (The telephone again.)

It was for our mother. Mrs. Peebles. She just wanted a chat, it is so difficult to catch our mother in her busy life except on her Day-in-Bed, and she wanted advice about her sister's Queer Turns because she feels sure the doctor she goes to knows nothing about his job, and if only Milly would be as sensible as our mother and take one day a week

right off she would be a different person.

I expect she would. They are still chatting. This will rather upset our mother's plans, I think, because I know she wanted to get through the pile of mending she had stacked by her bed, and even our mother can't mend and telephone at the same time. (The front door bell.)

When I got there it was the rector, but our mother had heard him open the gate and was having a long conversation with him out of her window, about things for the sale next week. He said to me afterwards he was so sorry to have come round on mother's Day-in-Bed, but he quite thought it was Tuesday. Such a shocking memory. We had quite a talk about memory and nervous pathways, and it was twelve-thirty before I realized it was so late.

I managed the lunch all right though. The chicken was beautifully hot (mother had slipped down and popped it in while I was talking to the rector), and I served the mousse straight from the fridge. We had it in the kitchen in the end, because, as mother says, it is much the warmest room in the house, and unless we have lunch together she sees so little of me.

Directly we had washed up (it appears that at our mother's age one is much better not lying down immediately after a meal) our mother of course went back to bed... (The back door.)

It was the cleaners. Mother will be glad to know Freddy (measles) is much better. If she is not asleep...

She was not asleep. In fact she was not even in her bed, but I could hear her moving about in the attic. She said she had taken the opportunity, while I was in the house to answer the door, just to slip up there for the things for the rector. Sometimes, it seems, when one is not so young any longer, one doesn't always hear a knock on the back door when one is in the attic and it is so inconsiderate to keep anyone waiting isn't it?

We have now got the things down and refilled her hot bottle and she is comfortably settled for a nice long rest till tea-time

(half an hour), when little Gillian will arrive. Then (as soon as she has come in from putting crumbs on the bird table, and how she got there goodness knows, I never heard her!) we shall all have tea easily together in her bedroom. We are having it up in her bedroom as (although some people might doubt it on the evidence) *this is our Mother's Day-in-Bed.* I remain positive about that in spite of everything, because in the first place that is the only reason I am over here, and in the second place there is nothing else on this earth which would induce our mother at four o'clock in the afternoon to be still going about in her night-dress and dressing-gown.

P. ff.

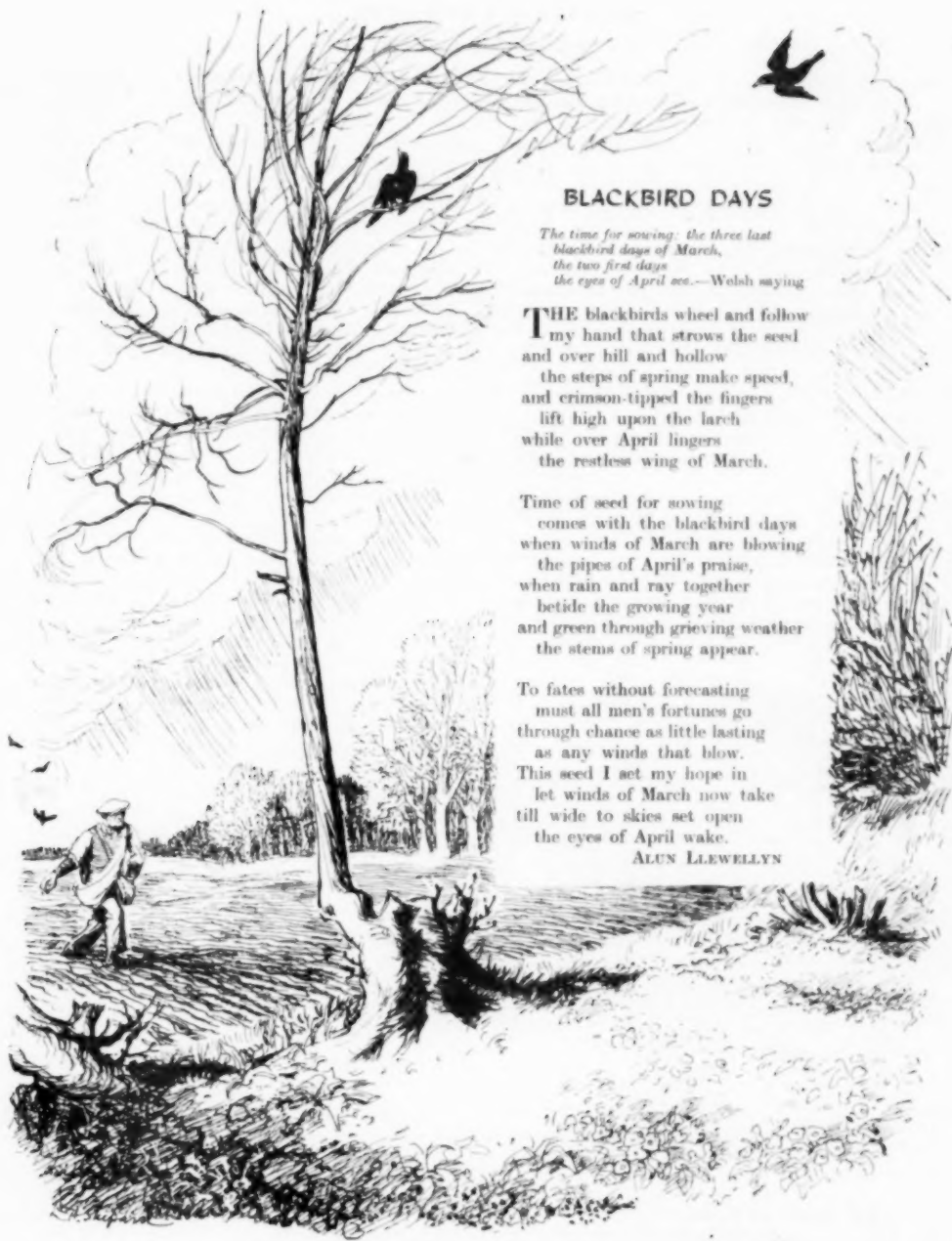
"The plot of 'Miss Elizabeth Bennet' is taken from A. A. Milne's famous story 'Prude and Prejudice.'"
Central African Post

It was serialized in *Punch*, you may remember.

ST. BRIDE'S

The Church of St. Bride, Fleet Street, destroyed by incendiary bombs in 1940, is to be rebuilt. Wren's original plans are available for the re-erection of the fabric, while new splendours of glass, furnishings and architecture will be added and the Churchyard garden developed. In the City of London's scheme for this area, the Church will face directly on to Ludgate Circus, whence its beauties will be fully revealed. Before work begins, however, funds must be in hand to enable contracts to be placed. Altogether some £210,000 will be needed.

Readers who would like to contribute should send their donations to the Hon. Treasurer, Appeal Fund, Church of St. Bride, Fleet Street, E.C.4.



BLACKBIRD DAYS

*The time for sowing: the three last
blackbird days of March,
the two first days
the eyes of April see.—Welsh saying*

THE blackbirds wheel and follow
my hand that strows the seed
and over hill and hollow
the steps of spring make speed,
and crimson-tipped the fingers
lift high upon the larch
while over April lingers
the restless wing of March.

Time of seed for sowing
comes with the blackbird days
when winds of March are blowing
the pipes of April's praise,
when rain and ray together
betide the growing year
and green through grieving weather
the stems of spring appear.

To fates without forecasting
must all men's fortunes go
through chance as little lasting
as any winds that blow.
This seed I set my hope in
let winds of March now take
till wide to skies set open
the eyes of April wake.

ALUN LLEWELLYN

SELECTION COMMITTEE

A Dramatic Fragment

CHAIRMAN. Better have the next candidate in. We could argue over the last man's merits all night.

ALDERMAN FROSTIVE. I found him sleek.

COUNCILLOR TIMMS. I found him uncomfortably indefatigable.

CLERK. Come in, you. Come in, you!

CHAIRMAN. Please sit down, Mr. Forwithson-Happwood-Prenks.

CLERK. In his application he promised to change his name to Smith if he got the job. Now, try to keep a straight face while I read your testimonials. From the Professor of Fine Art at the Royal School of Mines: "I was at school with dear old Oscar and we meet whenever there is an Old Boys' Dinner. As we chew the fat together . . ."

COUNCILLOR NORSE. Where's the dinner held? I don't like the sound of the menu.

CANDIDATE. In the School San. Let's skip Stinker. I had to ask him for a testimonial to avoid hurting his feelings.

CLERK. Righty-ho. We'll try the Bishop of Holborn: "Although only a Suffragan, I boldly commit myself to the opinion that the bearer is a man of spotless life and safe with the petty cash, except when his heart is touched. May I draw attention to the needs of St. Paul Minimus, where the death-watch beetle has got into the hassocks?"



"Good heavens, the Browns!
Pretend we haven't noticed them."

CANDIDATE. My aunt bought that from a spiv in the Old Kent Road. She'd cut me off if I didn't use it. Try the last one.

CLERK. From the Mayor and Corporation of Chime. "Sloppy," as we all call him, is quite the easiest subordinate to get on with we have ever met. He is not bossy and is very clear when he explains difficult points to us. We shall miss him a lot and hope he will write us gossip letters from his next job." The space on the form marked "References" just says "Try Woolwich 25349." When I did, somebody tried to get me to order dwarf fig-trees.

CANDIDATE. Always on the job, Twin Peter.

CHAIRMAN. What makes you think you could run our Museum?

CANDIDATE. The conspicuous success with which I ran the one at Chime. I raised the annual attendance from ten to four hundred and twenty-two, mainly by interspersing the Roman coins with stamps.

CHAIRMAN. Our Museum here is a rather more important collection, you know.

ALDERMAN MRS. TWING. There are two whole cases devoted to sea-birds and a pillory on the landing.

ALDERMAN FROSTIVE. It's not just a Museum, you know. It's a Museum and Art Gallery. What qualifications have you to curate the portrait of the Charter Mayor and the print of the High Street?

CANDIDATE. I had an article in *The Chime Times* on "Van Gogh: The Painter Who Cut Off His Ear."

COUNCILLOR TIMMS. If I were given an assurance that it would not be cleaned, I would present a water-colour I did of Worthing Pier when I was convalescing after being jilted in 1904—or was it '05?

ALDERMAN MRS. TWING. '04, Clarence.

CHAIRMAN. Now, it's important that the Director should be business-like. Do you understand the need for keeping carbon copies of correspondence?

CANDIDATE. Yes, I've been sued in my time.

ALDERMAN FROSTIVE. In museums you often see canoes hanging from the ceiling, and the bits they hide don't have to be cleaned out of the rates. Can you make canoes?

CANDIDATE. Certainly. I can also chip flints.

CHAIRMAN. What about running the Refreshment Room?

CLERK. It's the hope of profit on it that makes us run a museum at all.

CANDIDATE. The one at Chime was so good that even the Committee used it.

ALDERMAN MRS. TWING. What are your currant buns like? That's where the last Director lost the confidence of the Committee.

CANDIDATE. They melt in the mouth. For those who prefer more solid eating there are my rock-cakes. I got a prize for them from the Geological Society. Well, do you like the look of me?



"He says he hasn't got a TV set but he has got a TV detector-van detector."

CLERK. You'd have to quieten your moustache down a bit. It would play havoc with school parties.

COUNCILLOR NORSE. His hair's a bit ginger. We don't want to have to repaint the walls.

ALDERMAN FROSTIVE. The last three Directors have whitened reasonably fast. Alternatively, if he went bald it would give a scholarly air to the place.

CHAIRMAN. How many more candidates are there? I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm flagging.

CLERK. Seventeen. I called this man in early because his testimonials didn't need much reading. One of them has had his bound and dedicated to his mother.

COUNCILLOR TIMMS. It doesn't matter much whom we choose. We'll none of us get back at the next election, not after this row over letting the Putting Green to the Bowls Club.

CHAIRMAN. Are we agreed? Right. The job is yours.

CLERK. You can begin by turning the losers away with a tactful word. Explain that the reference to first-class expenses in the advertisement was a clerical error. Hurry up, you're giving a lecture on The History of the Town at three.

FINIS

R. G. G. PRICE

TABLE-TALK

V

SWITCH on the set

And let us quite forget

This care-worn day and, in the queer half-light,

Take pleasure in the sight

Of tragedy that swims her little tank,

Nereids of the night-time! Nymphs of . . . Thank

You; they're what? Oh yes, I like them most

On toast . . .

Nymphs of the misted distance . . . Coffee? Please,

No, really, hardly any on my knees,

And coffee doesn't show—

In this half-light. Mermen . . . No biscuits, no . . .

I say,

Shall I throw all my courtesy away

And, dripping crumbs and coffee in the gloom,

Say what I think,

Attack all those enthusiasts to whom

A television show is meat and drink?



"Aren't we exaggerating just a little, Mrs. Bellington?"

DEFEAT OF THE HOPE STREET MOODIES

WHEN I was a child, spring used to come on March 15; and on that day loyal members of the family were expected to feel a quickening in the blood, a surge of the sap, as they gazed forth upon the sodden, sooty garden. Any particularly bad weather occurring after this my great-aunt was apt to take as a personal affront—for which we were all made to feel more or less responsible, as though we had been caught tampering with the seasons.

For Great-aunt Susan herself the annual miracle of re-awakening brought with it thoughts of the open road together with a renewed

desire to get to grips with the Hope Street Moodies. The barbed exchange of Christmas greetings could now be largely forgotten, and there was always the chance that a surprise visit might catch one of our hereditary foes off guard, eating in the kitchen perhaps, on account of the seasonal cleaning.

Any week-end, therefore, in the latter half of March one could expect the breakfast porridge to take on an extra chill as it was announced that this seemed just the day for a run in the car. "Half the pleasure of these things," Great-aunt Susan would say, amidst the turmoil of preparation which her

briefest excursion involved, "is just to make up one's mind and go."

Auntie George usually drove, since Aunt Clara almost always had an appointment to have her hair done. Auntie George was expected to do her own hair.

We would set off without any overt objective, following our noses, or rather the nose of Great-aunt Susan, who would declare whenever there was a choice of roads before us: "Right," "Left," or "Straight on," so that it soon became obvious even to my small Cousin Herbert that we were bound once more for Holywell and Great-aunt Maud Bang.

Drawing near the Bang headquarters we would proceed with caution, picking our way amongst third-class roads and shielding our faces from the public view. A chance encounter at this moment with one of the Hope Street Moodies or their dependants could shatter all our plans; a swift telephone-call to Great-aunt Maud, and the fires would be damped down, milk-bottles placed on the step, and fictitious notices displayed for our benefit: OUT FOR DAY—LEAVE LOAF IN PORCH.

The manner of the final assault varied with the mood of our commander: it might be a weak lead in the shape of Cousin Herbert tottering down the drive alone, with the rest of us ready to exploit whatever gap he might make in the defences; or it might, if the gates were open, be a frontal attack in strength—with a swift swoop and a swish of gravel as we came to a stop in front of the house.

Once, I remember, we carried out a perfectly executed flanking movement, Auntie George drawing the fire by marching boldly up to the front door, whilst the main party worked round to the right and occupied the dining-room, where the french-windows had been left unlatched. Great-aunt Maud was caught right off balance, actually in the middle of her spring-cleaning.

It was a moment my Great-aunt Susan had dreamt of through many a long winter, a moment to be grasped now and savoured later. We sat down, inertia being in these

circumstances the recognized method of seizing the tactical initiative; and we continued to sit, and the hands of the clock crept remorselessly round in the direction of lunch-time. Finally Great-aunt Maud admitted that she could not ask us to a meal and proposed that we should all repair to "The Copper Pot," a neighbouring wayside café run by two ladies who were personally known to the Bang family. It was at once an admission of defeat and a measure of Great-aunt Maud's desperation. It was also an irredeemable error.

"The Copper Pot," so early in the season was not at its best; a smell of boiling cabbage permeated the long low room, and the tablecloths were grubby. We stood about, and at length one of the proprietresses appeared from the back regions and gazed bleakly at Great-aunt Maud, who stumbled through some introductions. Great-aunt Susan was affability itself. "We shall enjoy roughing it!" she exclaimed, blowing some dust off a plate which she had picked up.

The distressed gentlewoman departed and we arranged ourselves around a large table in the cheery glow of an artificial coal fire, while Great-aunt Susan surveyed and commented upon the amenities with a determined cheerfulness. When ten minutes had elapsed without any sign of food, she told Cousin Herbert to put his overcoat and gloves on again in case he should catch cold, and congratulated Maud on this novel mode of entertaining her blood-relations.

At last the food began to arrive and Great-aunt Maud's last hope of retrieving the situation to disappear. There was first a pale grey soup in small earthenware bowls; and then, after a long interval, shepherd's pie, boiled cabbage, and small yellow cubes of a semi-plastic substance, all served with extreme daintiness on what looked like hand-painted pink ash-trays. "So courageous of your friends," Great-aunt Susan observed in a vibrant stage-whisper as one of them approached to remove the plates, "to take up work for which they are so obviously unsuited!"

Rhubarb and custard completed the meal, apart from the coffee which, as Great-aunt Susan explained to Cousin Herbert, did bear a strong resemblance to the soup, except that it needed sugar instead of salt.

For once, Great-aunt Maud had been utterly put to confusion. She had not even energy to prevent Great-aunt Susan from paying the bill; and when, as we shuffled out into a spring shower of sleet and hail, she muttered a word of protest, Great-aunt Susan turned upon her with a radiant smile. "Not another word, dear!" she said. "Apart from their being your friends, it was worth every penny—if only to get

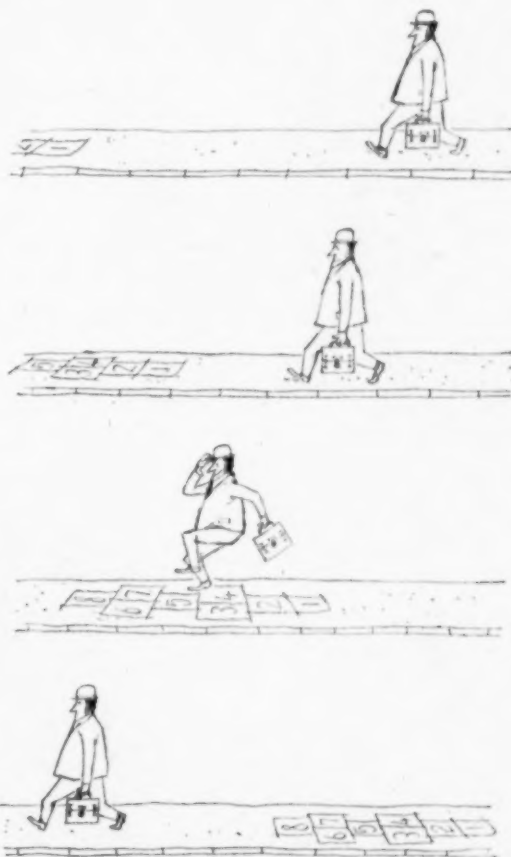
you out of that dreadful—to get you away from home!"

We returned home in a golden mood of triumph which not even thoughts of the inevitable counter-attack could debase. Cousin Herbert was allowed to stay up for supper, and Auntie George was persuaded to drink a glass of raisin wine.

"As a boy, he entered the Sunday School and later became a teacher. He was for over 500 years Superintendent. The full story of all those years would thrill and endure us."

Gainsborough News

To whom?



LETTER FROM POSTERITY

DEAR gay and gallant Ancestor,
you of the last romantic age
who wrote your name in History's page
so large and left for heritage
our task of living up to you,
how can we understand you, we
who take ourselves so seriously!

That is the first difference—and the last—
between us. You were unimpressed
by labels. You were quaintly dressed,
true; but to you—oh, life was zest.
Religion, Culture, Taste and Art
you took them in your stride, where we
search both our conscience and our heart
and ask them (but no answer sings)
if we are worthy of such things.

Of us, one of your poets said:
"I care not if you bridge the seas

Or ride secure the cruel sky
Or build consummate palaces

Of metal, or of masonry."
We can indeed do all of these—
and care as little as your dead

poet. For you the rose was red
and red the wine, though carnage dyed
both wine and rose. You took with fine
and unreflecting carelessness
grief of the flower, joy in the wine—
so our professors all declare.

Dear, envied Ancestor of mine,
how you would laugh to know we take
both flower and wine, not for their sake
(as you so bravely did, I swear,
and at first hand) but as a part
of our chief duty to ourselves:
that is, of Keeping Up With Art
and Being Cultured.

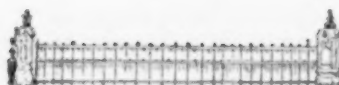
We would give
our mere mechanical command
of Science's resources and
all you have handed down to us,
if we could be unserious—
accepting without needless fuss
music and sculpture, painting, song,
dance, architecture, poetry,
and passing them unselfconsciously
(like you) to our posterity!

R. C. SCRIVEN





IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, March 24

There comes a time in the affairs of Parliament, which, taken at the flood (of oratory), puzzles the public galleries but provides opportunity for an astonishing range of speeches by those on the Floor. It is when the House of Commons takes a second look at the Service and other Estimates, on the report stage; and this was the programme for to-day.

This stressing of Parliament's ancient right to hold tightly the strings of the money-bags often proves useful, for it enables wrong impressions to be put right—and, now and then, second thoughts to be expressed. For instance, Mr. GEORGE WARD, Under-Secretary for Air, was able to paint a slightly less gloomy picture of the country's "woefully inadequate" air defences than he had last week.

Prompted by the former Air Minister, Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON, whose devotion to the R.A.F. is limitless, Mr. WARD agreed that he had no intention of writing down the value of the Force—but added that the build-up of that Service was going too slowly and must be accelerated. It was the Government's job to see that our pilots went into action at least on equal terms, and, if possible, with superiority.

The Army, Navy and Civil Service Estimates also had their "second hearing."

Tuesday, March 25

Children were in the limelight in both Houses to-day. Their Lordships were discussing, with that human sympathy and understanding which normally characterizes their debates, the fate of those children (unhappily, not a few) who are the victims of cruelty or unkind treatment. The Commons were engaged on a survey of the Government's plans to ensure that

there is no waste in the provision of school buildings and other facilities.

The debate in the Upper House was notable for contributions from Lord WINTERTON (who showed that his recent donning of United Kingdom ermine on leaving office as Father of "Another Place" had not blunted the sharpness of his sword when used in the defence of the weak and helpless) and from Lord GODDARD, the Lord Chief Justice, who strongly hinted that magistrates ought more often to send for trial before superior courts those charged with cruelty offences.

Although clearly sympathetic with the trend of the debate (raised

Minister of Education, looked over her spectacles at Mr. EDE and once or twice *tut-tutted* as though about to give him a hundred lines for exaggerating. Then she rose and delivered half a hundred minutes of speech, in which she declared that the Government would do none of the evil things imputed to it by the Opposition, but would watch the interests of the children as jealously as the keenest could wish. And all this, of course, prices being what they are (and, she hinted, what they are *to be*) would cost a lot more—some £10 million more next year. But new designs would save money as well as providing better and more suitable buildings.

Miss ALICE BACON, speaking as a teacher, took the view that, if school buildings were neglected now, it must—because of the steady rise in the school population—mean a cut in school life in the future. And that she regarded with dismay, for the citizens of the future must be as well educated as circumstances permitted. Fixing the Minister with a stern glance, Miss BACON proclaimed her belief that there was one thing worse than a school-marm turned politician, and that was a politician turned school-marm.

While the whole House rocked with laughter at this woman-to-woman thrust, Miss H. smiled—and gave Miss B. the sort of look that would certainly have meant at least a couple of detentions, if nothing worse, had circumstances all round been different.

The debate later became extremely technical at times, with the inevitable result that the House population (unlike that in the schools) did not grow. Indeed, it was not until late at night, when Mr. KENNETH PICKTHORN wound up for the Ministry, that the place filled up again.

Mr. PICKTHORN gave an astonishing performance—not so much in the matter of oratory as in the field of the prestidigitator. He had armed himself with mountains of crumpled



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Miss Bacon (Leeds, N.E.)

by Lord STRABOEI, Lord SIMONDS, the Lord Chancellor, was unable, on behalf of the Government, to offer any "sovereign remedy."

There is always a special atmosphere of earnestness and seriousness about House of Commons debates on education, and to-day's was no exception—until the end, of which more anon. There are many ex-teachers in the House, and one of them, Mr. CHUTER EDE—who has retained many of his classroom characteristics, including a tendency to make little jokes at which he chuckles hugely in anticipation—opened the debate. His line was that the economies the Government planned, especially in the provision of new buildings, were just not worth while when the consequences were considered—crowded rooms, over-big classes and so on.

Miss FLORENCE HORSBUGH, the

House of Lords:
Cruelty to Children
House of Commons:
School Inspection

documents, all of which appeared to be attached to each other by pieces of tape and metal fasteners. The one thing they seemed to lack was an index, with the result that the right paper was never to hand when some (doubtless telling) point had to be made.

So Mr. PICKTHORN would disappear from time to time beneath a surging wave of paper, like some vessel making its way through heavy weather. And the more he wrestled with his papers the more the House roared with laughter, until, arriving at the height of the tornado, Mr. CHURCHILL himself sat rocking with slightly puzzled mirth. At last, as in all the best comic conjuring acts, all the pieces of string and all the bits of paper—and Mr. P.—seemed to get tangled

up in a grand finale, and Members went gaily into the division lobbies, to vote for and against a censure on the Government for its handling of education, especially in the provision (or non-provision) of school buildings.

The Government carried the day with a majority of twenty-nine, and Miss H. smilingly dismissed the class without so much as an impot for Mr. EDE or Miss BACON.

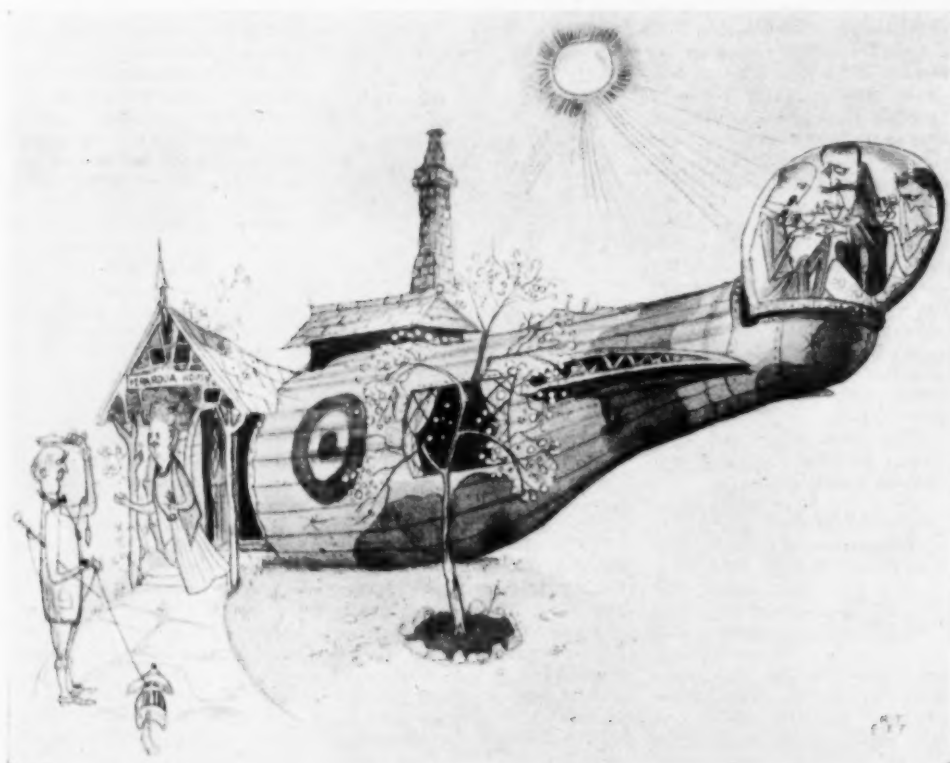
Earlier Mr. CROOKSHANK had announced an increase—to cost some £40 million—in the incomes of National Health Service general practitioners, as a result of an arbitrator's award. This produced a low whistle of surprise from all sides. Mr. HEAD announced that all Z-reservists who took training last year would be free to have a second go—on a voluntary basis—this year.

This produced a low chuckle of incredulity.

Wednesday, March 26

Mr. Speaker warned the House against the use of what he called "objurgatory expressions" in giving notice that subjects would be raised in adjournment debates. There had been "a certain liveliness" at Question-time, which seemed to call for some such warning. But the main debate, on the position of the textile industry, was serious to the point of solemnity. It lasted till well after noon the following day, and in the course of it Mrs. BRADDOCK, becoming impatient after waiting for ten hours or more to speak, got herself suspended from the House.

House of Commons:
Textiles on View



"How nice! . . . Do come and join us . . . we're all having tea in the sun-lounge."



Group Captain "Tiger" Small—JACK HAWKINS
Squadron Leader Peter Moon—MICHAEL DENISON
Pilot Officer "Septic" Baird—JOHN GREGSON

AT THE PICTURES

Angels One Five—Ten Tall Men

MANY thousands of people who judge by subject will have no difficulty at all in deciding that *Angels One Five* (Director: GEORGE MORE O'FERRALL) is good: it's "about" the R.A.F. in the country's Finest Hour, therefore it is as automatically great as a story about (say) gangsters is unworthy of notice. Unfortunately it is just not true that artistic worth is the infallible result of choosing the right subject. Nor is it a fact (and many thousands of people believe this too) that objections to a film on a particular theme are objections to the theme, and that if one criticizes *Angels One Five* one is somehow expressing disgraceful sentiments about the heroism of the R.A.F. No; this is quite a worthy entertaining film, with good performances and good narrative style, but it's weakened by a sort of schoolboyishness, and by clichés. There are clichés of dialogue like the "Who was it said waiting was the worst part of war?" one and the "It's a marvel to me how those boys..." one, and there are visual clichés like the upward shot of the young bareheaded Byronic figure with windswept hair against the sky (that one is used on the posters, and I am quite well aware that numbers of people are still deeply moved by it). The story doesn't get anywhere: it is a picture of life in the summer of 1940

at a Hurricane fighter station, and follows a young Scots Pilot Officer from his arrival to his death in battle in the air. The details are entertaining in the usual way, full of innocent showing-off to delight the ex-Service people in the audience by enabling them to bask in some of the reflected glory from the screen ("This is the insouciant way we used to live, this is the odd slang we used to talk"); but the characters, though all are played with skill, are in no way memorable. If they are distinguished it is by some mannerism of speech, not by any true individuality, and the girls, of course, are palest of all—DULCIE GRAY is just a Brave Little Wife, VERONICA HURST is just an English Rose. Even JACK HAWKINS as the station C.O. is given no chance to show why he has more claim to be known as "The Tiger" than anyone else in the same commanding position. I'm sorry to be so lukewarm about this picture. Of course it is not boring; that is one fault from which practically any treatment of the theme would be safe; but it does give a disappointing impression of thinness, schoolboyishness and missed opportunities.

BURT LANCASTER shows a tendency to get himself involved in spectacular Technicolor costume adventure-stories that it is almost impossible to believe are not

intentionally comic. At any rate, if we count *The Flame and the Arrow* as one, *Ten Tall Men* (Director: WILLIS GOLDBECK) is another. Of course nearly all such things are made with the tongue in the cheek to a certain extent: an effect not taken seriously by anyone in the studio is deliberately produced in the certainty that thousands of people will take it seriously; but particularly in *The Flame and the Arrow*, and to a slightly less degree in this, one finds effects of quite a different kind. Here are moments that even the simplest mind must recognize as glaringly out-of-key farce, moments that must have been meant to amuse by their absurdity. The story is of the French Foreign Legion—"years ago," as an introductory sub-title expansively puts it—and mingles in an extraordinary way the P. C. Wren style with what could almost be called the Crosby-Hope style. It's worth seeing for laughs, not thrills.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Apart from things of which you need no reminding, like *A Streetcar Named Desire* (12/3/52) and the old faithful *La Ronde* (16/5/51), there's nothing much to pick out of the London programmes. Take the children to *Robin Hood* (26/3/52).

Of the new releases the most noteworthy is *I Believe In You* (19/3/52), an entertaining sketch of the way the probation system works.

RICHARD MALLETT



Sergeant Mike Kincaid—
BURT LANCASTER

AT THE PLAY

Call Me Madam (COLISEUM)—*Believe It or Not* (WATERGATE)

THE backswing in the latest American musicals towards the hoarier conventions of musical comedy is very noticeable in *Call Me Madam*, a large part of which is taken up by two familiar features of the older form, a ball-room swirling with young people in immaculate evening-dress, and the festive cavorting of middle-European peasants in funny hats. The effect is as surprising as if the newest American car were to arrive with a bulb-horn and the handbrake outside in the rain. I am not altogether complaining, for although on this side of the Atlantic we have taken a lot of punishment from Ruritania, the gentler style of *Call Me Madam* is greatly preferable to the sentimental muscle-worship of "Mr. Roberts" and "South Pacific." But it is oddly old-fashioned.

Whisper alleges that this piece had its origin in the appointment of an American lady by Mr. Truman as ambassador to a pocket state. The lady it portrays gives the most resounding parties in Washington, and makes up for her professional ignorance—extending even to the geography of her assignment—by dynamic friendliness. She sits

down on her train during her introduction, she falls in love with the *Prime Minister*, she commits gaffes enough to set all the fathers of diplomacy revolving in their mausoleums, and the last of her telephone calls which begin "Well, Harry!" brings an urgent summons home. But not before everyone in Lichtenburg adores her.

The praiseworthy ability of the Americans to satirize themselves comes out strongly, especially in the bewildered reaction to the proud refusal of a loan. Less comprehensible to a British audience are the domestic political jokes, which decorate a slow start. There is no concerted attempt to split our sides. For positive laughter the show relies on Miss BILLIE WORTH, a brunette of great spirit who steadily steals our affection by unfailing humour and impish energy. She rags her way through the pomps of embassy like a small tornado. Instead of out-and-out comedians we have Mr. ANTON WALBROOK and Mr. JEFF WARREN. Mr. WALBROOK invests the *Prime Minister* with immense personal sympathy and an air (unusually authentic for such an entertainment) of civilized nostalgia, while Mr. WARREN manages to be



(*Believe It or Not*)
Zeus—MR. WILLIAM DEVLIN

slightly absurd yet always likeable as an earnest hydro-electric missionary with a markedly hydro-electric haircut and a probing mind, whose whirlwind courtship of the *Grand Duke's* daughter shivers the last feudal cobwebs of Lichtenburg. He boasts a good voice as well, and so does Miss SHANI WALLIS, who stands up bravely to the whirlwind. Several first-rate songs by Mr. IRVING BERLIN and a sound production by Mr. RICHARD BIRD strengthen an evening which appears in retrospect curiously mild, though it exerts a certain cumulative charm.

The Watergate has discovered, in Mr. PETER ALBERY, a new verse playwright who is palpably "school of Fry" but has a mind and wit of his own. His *Believe It or Not* treats lightly, and often with considerable felicity of phrase, the family troubles of Zeus, whom it relates amusingly to a higher sovereignty. The play is full of ideas, and though some of them run wild they make one hope that Mr. ALBERY will go on writing. Mr. WILLIAM DEVLIN leads a useful cast resourcefully.

Recommended

Splendidly acted, *The Deep Blue Sea* (Duchess) is Rattigan's best serious play. Farquhar's frolic, *The Constant Couple* (Winter Garden), still holds. Cunningly adapted from Peacock, *Nightmare Abbey* (Westminster) shrewdly plays the Gothic-romantics. ERIC KEOWNS



Como Constantine—MR. ANTON WALBROOK; *Princess Marie*—MISS SHANI WALLIS; *Kenneth Gibson*—MR. JEFF WARREN; *Mrs. Sally Adams*—MISS BILLIE WORTH.

BOOKING OFFICE

Literary Lives

So Long to Learn. John Masefield. Heinemann, 18s.
Adventures in Two Worlds. A. J. Cronin. Gollancz, 16s.
Robert Ross—Friend of Friends. Edited by Margery Ross. Cape, 30s.

SIMPLE, courteous and dedicated, Mr. John Masefield has always been respected, even by those who find his outlook on literature alien. The critical battle in which he led his side to victory is now forgotten and he has kept clear of later battles. It is all to the good that the Poet Laureateship should be held by a man whose preoccupations are quite different from those of any current literary school. Despite his travels and his early contacts with Yeats and other writers, he has remained faithful to the interests of his boyhood—historical legends and the technique of narrative.

So Long to Learn is an account of his own experiments in tale-telling and in the encouragement of verse-speaking. Its timeless atmosphere is increased by its mannered and often archaic prose. The author might be a contemporary of Hardy instead of only one year older than Mr. Forster. The world for which he yearns has some of the well-scoured brightness of Morris's medieval Utopia. For example, he draws up a scheme for the establishment of public halls in our towns where story-tellers would delight the people, against a background of song and banners. One of the most interesting parts of a very uneven book is the description of the Oxford verse-speaking contests, which laid much of the foundation of the modern revival of poetic drama many years before "Murder in the Cathedral."

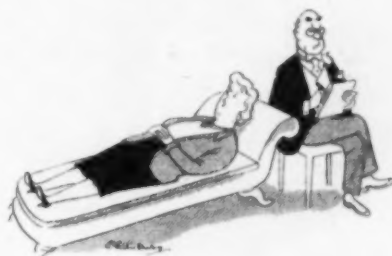
Dr. A. J. Cronin shares Mr. Masefield's delight in narrative. His *Adventures in Two Worlds* begins with his raising the money to complete his medical education at Glasgow and ends with his settling in the United States and returning to the Catholic faith. Most of it deals with his career as a physician, the raw material for "The Citadel." It is very readable and full of dramatic and humorous anecdotes.

When Dr. Cronin suddenly became a best-seller he felt rather lost. There is a modest and moving account of how a Scotch boy with a lust for success and money won them and was bored. At first it was rather fun to sit on committees and be invited to give addresses; soon it became a nuisance. One feels that he might have been happier if he had stuck to medicine. His loss of zest for life is reflected in the sharp drop in the tension of his writing. He rounds off the book with some amateurish discussions of religion and politics. It is a good thing that popular novelists should be humane and sensible in their views; but there is a difference between holding views and publishing them, much the same difference as between entertaining a family circle with imitations and appearing at the Palladium as an impersonator. If a man can write narrative as well as Dr. Cronin he has no need to waffle.

Robert Ross was a brilliant critic of literature and painting who sacrificed his own work to the encouragement of other men. He was a wit, a gossip and a scholar and he did a number of useful things behind the scenes as a cultural odd-job man. The work for which he is best remembered is his literary rehabilitation of Wilde. Mrs. Margery Ross has made a collection of letters written to him, with occasional extracts from his own work. It demonstrates the variety of his usefulness and contains valuable evidence for the history of the Arts from 1889 to 1918. Experts will find it indispensable; it is also highly enjoyable for the general reader. As Ross was famous for the strictness of his critical standards, the sharpness of his tongue and the warmth of his friendship, his correspondents were on their mettle. *Robert Ross—Friend of Friends* could stand as an anthology of English letter-writing for its period. Wilde, Charles Ricketts, Sir Max Beerbohm and many others provide an elegant and eruditely frivolous entertainment. R. G. G. PRICE

The Bolshevik Revolution, 1917-1923: Vol. II. E. H. Carr. Macmillan, 30s.

To write a *History of Soviet Russia* on the large scale planned by Mr. E. H. Carr calls for tireless energy and inexhaustible patience in the collection and marshalling of great masses of material as well as for exceptional powers of critical analysis and balanced judgment. In addition to these qualities Mr. Carr possesses a gift of lucid exposition which he uses in the second volume of *The Bolshevik Revolution 1917-1923* (the first part of his projected *History*) to describe the economic order in Soviet Russia under Lenin's rule. However capable of application to the spheres of Russian industry and finance Marxist theories might be, Bolshevik leaders could not ignore the peasant's



"I should have visited you ages ago
 but for all those dreadful humorous drawings."

obstinate refusal to share Engels' belief in the collectivization of agriculture. Here is the cardinal problem (brilliantly expounded by Mr. Carr) that has underlain and conditioned Soviet foreign and domestic policy from Lenin's to Stalin's day—the problem of the proletarianization of the peasant majority of the Russian people who in their hearts are passionate landowners. Certainly Mr. Carr's book is indispensable for an understanding of Stalin's as of Lenin's Russia, and therefore a book for the present times.

I. F. D. M.

The Real Tripitaka and Other Pieces. Arthur Waley. Allen and Unwin, 18s.

A seventh-century Chinese Buddhist priest on a pilgrimage to India and back seems to have met with much the same experiences as the wandering scholars of Europe—with extraordinary Asiatic variations thrown in. The great exploit of the real Tripitaka—who appeared fictitiously in "Monkey"—was to introduce Indian logic into China. But he also brought home quantities of relics, scrolls and images; the enormous elephant that bore them, and ate so many buns on the return journey, having been presented to him in India by a devout king. The biographer recounts a more than Pauline course of perils; and handles the probably legendary aspects of the pilgrim's spiritual epic, and what may be called its comic relief, with his smiling scholarship at its most genial. The "Pieces" include a new chapter of

"Monkey"; and reprints of some curiously Hans Andersenish short stories from the Chinese, one of which, "Mrs. White," is an eighteenth-century example of macabre enchantment.

H. P. E.

The Soul of Marshal Gilles de Raiz. D. B. Wyndham Lewis. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 18s.

Respect for other people's religious beliefs restrains this critic of Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis's *The Soul of Marshal Gilles de Raiz*, a book completely lacking in that amenity. Little that has happened since the Reformation seems to please Mr. Wyndham Lewis. Apart from dragged-in polemics his treatment of an extraordinary story is vivid and witty, but the white-wash of the final chapter is surprising. Enormously rich, the Marshal was a gallant soldier, the right-hand man of Joan of Arc. After her death he took to alchemy on a lordly scale, and went on to cultivate diabolism so foul that hundreds of children perished in his black experiments. At the end of a long trial, the records of which have survived, this exotic monster was hanged. Mr. Wyndham Lewis is overwhelmed by the fact that first he repented. Others, aware that cornered criminals often lose their nerve, may think of him only with revulsion, sparing their softer feelings for his victims and their parents.

E. O. D. K.

SHORTER NOTES

Geography of Hunger. Josué de Castro. Gollancz, 18s. The central thesis, that India and China are not hungry because they are overpopulated but overpopulated because they are hungry, is argued very powerfully and convincingly in this attack on the Neo-Malthusians. At times the author gets too hot under the collar and becomes irresponsibly reproachful, but the book is fundamentally of the greatest importance. It is also, thank heavens, optimistic.

Surrey Naturalist. Eric Parker. Hale, 18s. An eye for Nature as well as for all her children enables this pleasant writer to share with his readers a measure of his enjoyment of a tamed but still delectable county. Should be read with humility by those who dwell but do not live therein.

Inflation. Paul Einsig. Chatto and Windus, 12s. This exceptionally clear and penetrating analysis of Britain's financial dilemma offers lukewarm comfort for all, with its revelations that we have suffered from rising prices for four thousand years and with its argument that Socialism no less than warfare is inherently inflationary. There is also a salutary chapter on the perils of the "dash to freedom" brand of economic theory. A first-rate companion to the Budget and the weekly grocer's bill.

Warm or Very Warm. Hilton Brown. Methuen, 15s. "There's something anti-human about heat," says the author, and sets out to prove it in this tale of a heat-wave's effect on a small Scottish town. Parishioners rise against the Minister. Other smouldering resentments burst out like thunder-claps. Humour too, pity and pathos are blended by a master hand to make excitement till the blessed rain brings peace.

Rock Wagram. William Saroyan. Faber, 15s. Quite typical Saroyan novel about a bartender who became a film star and made an unsuccessful marriage. Again the preoccupation with the father-son relationship, the emphasis on the solidarity of Armenians, the imitation folk-rhythms and the maddening rhetorical repetitiveness. Great wads of the philosophizing are italicized for easy skipping, and the rest is invincibly readable.

The House by the Canal. Georges Simenon. Routledge, 10s. The title story is one of those inexorable rural tragedies; the other half of the book is a war episode, "The Ostenders," about five trawler-loads of sturdily independent Belgians and their effect on the La Rochelle district in the scramble of summer 1940—outstanding even among Simenon stories for its evocation of atmosphere with significant detail, its characterization and its compelling force as narrative.



"Big order here, sir, from a firm in Japan—they want to buy one plate from every pattern that we produce."

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING

IN the doll's house where Great-uncle Paul fastidiously lives, there is a place for everything, except father, who cannot put a foot right and usually manages to bend or shatter something, if only uncle's nerves.

At his best, father sits yawning with frank misery in a chair too small for him, while Uncle Paul and mother talk housekeeping shop ("Oh, I always sprinkle nutmeg over mine"); at his worst, he has been known to caper up and down the corridor wearing the little muslin beret with which uncle covers his milk jug.

"Your uncle hasn't had a good shaking up since he fell off his rocking horse in 1880" is the excuse father offers mother when she scolds him.

Father also relieves his feelings by doing imitations when he gets home; uncle on the battlefield: "Careful there, men. However do you expect my custard to set?" He has one called Uncle Down the Coal Mine, too, and another about uncle with the Canadian Mounted Police, all of which please father if nobody else.

Uncle loves to label everything, from "Raspberries, perfect, 1950," to the drawers of a little cabinet containing such treasures as "String, odd lengths," and "Recipes from newspapers, not very good." Having seen this cabinet once, father was tedious about it for days, suggesting labels for all our own belongings, such as one on the dustbin saying "Articles, various, 1952. Not very nice."

Father does try, sporadically, to be kind to uncle, alternately treating him to films and saying "I give up." After one such outing father came home and announced "It might interest you to know that Hamlet is a very tiresome, restless young man. And that castle at Elsinore—it must have been awfully draughty; surely they could have made some better arrangement! Next time I'll take your uncle to

the Ideal Home Exhibition and have done with it."

For the next day or two father went about calling everything tiresome, from Epstein's Lazarus to a car smash at the end of our street, until mother got sick of it and said severely that father could take a lesson from uncle.

"A sewing lesson, I dare say," he agreed.

"We're all going there for tea on Sunday," mother said. "And you're not to break anything," she added.

It was a difficult visit from the start. Father and his laugh seemed bigger than ever, and uncle primmer. Father crushed his cigarette out in the wrong little saucer, guffawed in quite the wrong place in the middle of a long, sad story about preserving jars with perished rubbers, and, when trying to help uncle to clear the table, committed the unforgivable sin of stacking the plates.

"Now they'll have jam on the bottom as well as on the top!" mourned uncle.

"You're breaking my heart,"



"I know it's a drinking fountain, but where's the water?"

retorted father crossly. He wandered away and started poking about in the sitting-room, and uncle, wrapping himself in a white apron, led mother and me into the kitchen to take part in the elaborate washing-up ritual, with cries of "No—not there!" at intervals.

When we had hung up our towels on the rack with the plastic label saying "Towels" ("Spread them out like this, it's so tiresome when they are damp"), mother remarked "Your father's awfully quiet."

"Probably broken something," I said. Uncle flinched, so we hurried to see.

In the sitting-room father was standing stock-still in front of the much-labelled little cabinet which had caused him such merriment.

The drawer called Oddments was open, and father was staring down at something in the palm of his hand. On the table beside him lay a small box-lid; it was labelled "My medals, 1899-1900."

"I didn't even know you were in

the Boer War, uncle," stammered father.

Untying his apron, uncle said "Oh, yes, indeed. The whole thing was rather tiresome," he added, folding the apron.

GERALDINE BUSSEY

THE MONTREUX HOTEL

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I only ordered coffee and a roll.

Breakfast is all you hope for when you wake,

The waiter brought a vision by mistake—

For there, through slatted shutters, was a lake,

O pure, O perfect, like a seraph's soul.

The waiter brought a vision by mistake,

I only ordered coffee and a roll. F. C. C.



"But this isn't my suitcase at all!"

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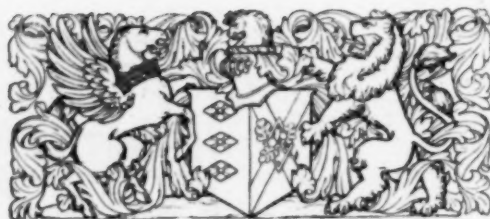
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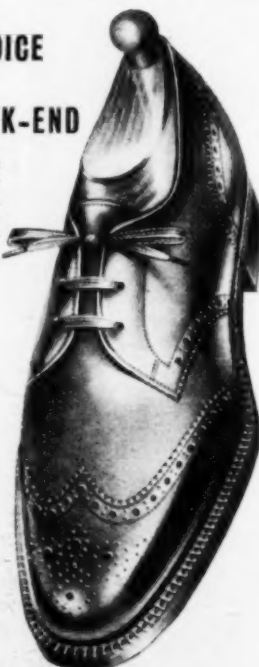
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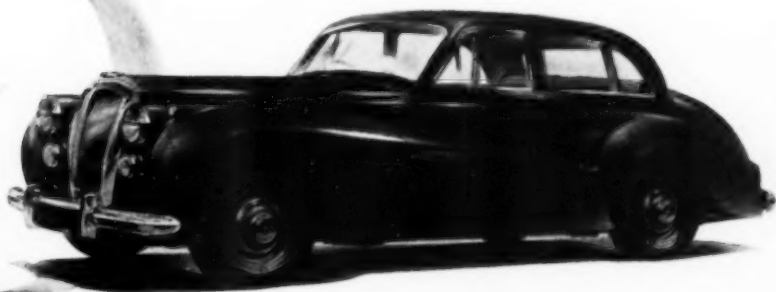
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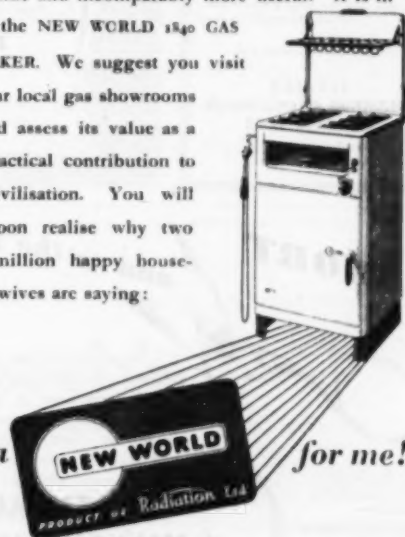
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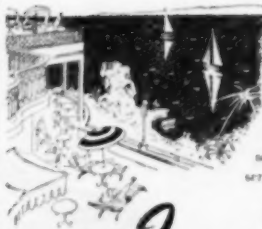
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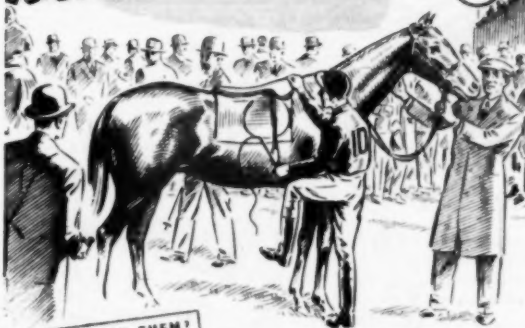
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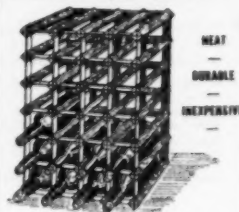
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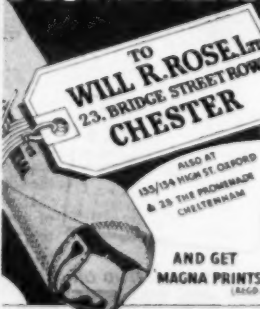


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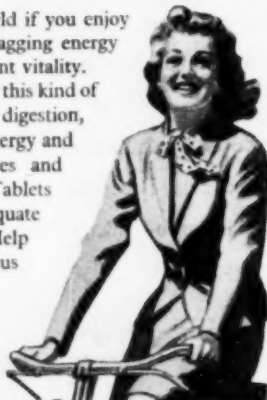
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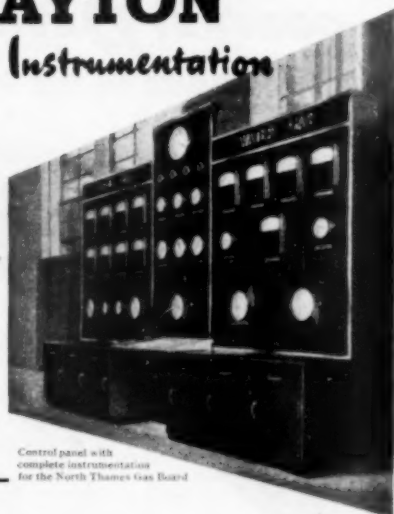
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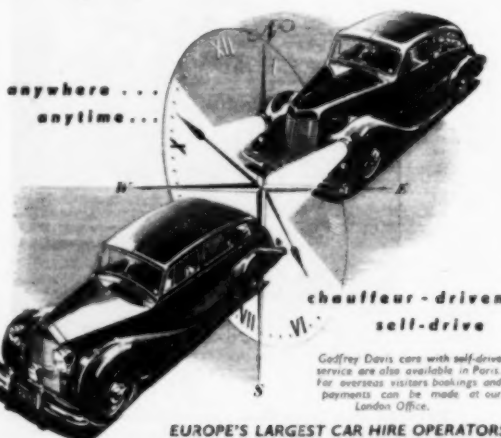
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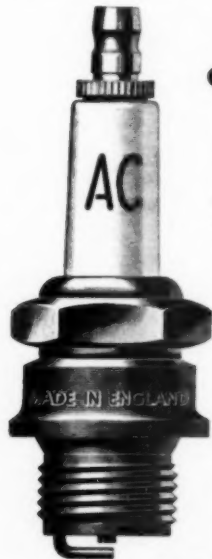


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